

THE *Canadian* FORUM

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What to do With Gunmen?

► LAST year the Irish bishops denounced the use of force by minorities—meaning the IRA. But in spite of so unequivocal a stand by the church the “incidents” in Northern Ireland continue. Bridges are blown up, trains wrecked, barracks raided. Tactics are reminiscent of the revolutionary and civil wars earlier in this century. Even the episcopal anathema echoes the pronouncement of an earlier hierarchy which on one glorious occasion complained that “too many unauthorized murders” were taking place. There are plenty of Protestant clergymen who will gleefully show you copies of that remarkable document. It was a slip of course. But an authoritarian church is obliged to be on the side of authority.

What is all the trouble about? The trouble is still Partition. The six counties of Northern Ireland retain their own parliament as well as their close connection with Great Britain. Four of these counties are predominantly Protestant and unionist, and for them inclusion in the Republic would mean surrender to Rome. Their dread of this, the alarmed view they take of *popery*—which for them is the lurid religion of Maria Monk—may seem irrational and even superstitious, but in fairness it must be conceded that they have a point. For, to take one example, the same lenten pastorals which repeat last year's deprecation of violence, this year denounce also “false liberalism” — by which, broadly speaking, is meant . . . liberalism, the notion that people should decide for themselves what is good for them. Faced with this sort of thing the Protestants dig their toes in. They would make an impossibly disaffected element in any thirty-two county republic, a hard fact which makes nonsense of most talk about ending Partition in the near future. It was well said by *The Irish Times* that the border in men's minds must first be abolished.

The Border has two faces. To the Ulster protestant it is a Chinese wall against the tyranny of Roman priests and bishops. Within its shelter liberty and prosperity are still possible, books are uncensored, birth-control is permitted, trade with Great Britain uninhibited. To the northerner looking over the wall the southern Irish seem lazy, priest-ridden, dirty, primitive and not to be trusted. He himself, of course, is hard-working, hard-headed, honest, dependable and above all loyal to the Queen.

To the southern republican the Border is the palisade that surrounds a foreign camp. It encloses occupied territory held by force against the national will. There the police go armed, a foreign constabulary; garrisons of khaki cut-throats are stationed at key points. Freemasons, communists, Orangemen and other subversives lurk at street corners to molest pure young catholic girls. The holy soil of Erin is polluted by their tread. To enter fully into the nationalist

mind demands the imaginative effort of a psychiatrist treating a lunatic. Sir Horace Plunkett reported in the 'nineties that the peasants in Donegal expected Home Rule to be followed by a sort of millenium: the liberated soil would need no cultivation and potatoes would flourish of their own accord. No one today is quite so naive, but current Irish court reports and public speeches read like *Alice*, or something still more surrealistically sinister. It is the same world we live in, but fatally and nightmarishly distorted as if reflected in a disturbed puddle.

Like the bishops, most southern Irishmen deplore the rabid activities of the IRA lunatics. The trouble is that the Republic itself originated in a violent revolution engineered by a minority. It is therefore very difficult to utter a convincing condemnation of the small faction now causing trouble. Judges and magistrates are embarrassed and find it necessary to explain to the malefactors that they themselves are spotless patriots. “The problem after a revolution is how to get rid of your gunmen.” Ireland has not solved it.

The electorate of the Republic has once again returned De Valera and his Fianna Fail party to office. A strong government is needed and a sensible first minister. De Valera long ago learnt sense at the expense of his country (it was not he, but the irresponsible demagogue Costello, who declared the Republic at a lawyers' dinner in Canada) and he has said bluntly that private armies will not be tolerated. “These people are living in the past,” was his comment on

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Current Comment

Fear of "Culture"?

The CCF criticism of the appointments to the Canada Council—that farm and labor groups should be represented—makes sense only if it is agreed that occupational categories of that kind are relevant at all. The government appears to believe that they are, since it is difficult to see that the several industrialists on the Council are there by virtue of close personal connection with the arts; presumably, therefore, they are to act as representatives of a section of the community. Yet apparently it isn't the task of the businessmen to ensure the financial soundness of the Council's operations, for an advisory committee on investments has been appointed for that purpose. Or is it assumed that the private donations which the Prime Minister hopes the Council will receive might not be forthcoming unless business is heavily represented?

However, the most remarkable feature of the appointments is not so much the over-representation of business at the expense of farm and labor interests; rather, it is the relative absence of persons actively working at the arts. The interests of the universities are adequately provided for in the academic appointments, and horse-racing should be looked after, but the fine arts haven't fared as well.

Britain's Arts Council is composed mainly of men and women distinguished in art, drama, music, and literature. The cabinet ministers who appoint the Council seem to take the view that the ideas and experience of Sir Laurence Olivier, Dame Myra Hess, Ninette de Valois and Henry Moore may be quite useful in promoting the arts. But apparently Canada doesn't trust her actors, writers, artists, and musicians to understand our present cultural needs and opportunities. Surely this implied lack of confidence, nowhere more evident than in the appointment of a politician and insurance executive as the symbol of our culture, is one more proof that our cultural development needs assistance.

M.P.

The Norman Affair

The suicide of E. Herbert Norman, Canadian Ambassador to Egypt, set in motion a chain of reactions and revelations that have turned a personal tragedy into a complex public issue. The first reaction of most articulate Canadians was direct, primitive and understandable: intense anger at the U.S. Senate Sub-Committee on Internal Security and everybody associated with it. His death was attributed solely to persecution by the committee and the word "murder" was uttered by the intemperate. The upsurge of national feeling revealed not only the strength of Canadian aversion to McCarthyism but also the strength of latent anti-American sentiment. In retrospect we appear to have denied emotionally the significance of the personal factor in suicide. Although Mr. Norman was unjustly harried in a disgraceful manner, the decision he took was not one that would have been taken by a majority of men in similar circumstances, especially after receiving assurances that his superiors and the nation at large were giving him their full support.

In the events that followed Mr. Pearson appears to have conducted himself in accordance with the gentlemanly rules that prevail in his circles. When he later revealed, after questioning by Mr. Diefenbaker and Mr. Coldwell, that Mr. Norman had associated with communists in his student days, he was accused of hiding information from Parliament. An examination of the record discloses no evidence of

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a deliberate attempt on his part to mislead the House. He seems to have felt that a statement to the effect that Mr. Norman's loyalty had been satisfactorily established was sufficient for honorable men and that distasteful details of youthful indiscretions were therefore irrelevant. The later imputations of dishonesty might have been prevented by a complete statement about Mr. Norman's past but that is the wisdom of hindsight. If the Conservatives make an election issue of this matter, as Mr. Diefenbaker has threatened to do, they may be led into espousing in some measure the McCarthyite standards that they officially deplore. The minimum standards of decency that distinguish Canadian from U.S. politics and help to preserve civil liberties depend on self-denial by opposition parties as well as the government.

The opposition parties may find a genuine issue in the dangerous ineptitude of the RCMP, the formal responsibility of Mr. Garson and, ultimately, of the Liberal government. Two weeks after the Norman suicide Mr. Pearson announced his discovery that the Senate Sub-Committee had somehow acquired an erroneous report sent to the FBI by the RCMP. This report, written in 1940 and sent to the FBI in October, 1950, stated that a "secret agent" had identified a Professor Herbert Norman of McMaster University (Mr. Norman had no connection with McMaster), then studying at Harvard, as a member of the Communist Party. In December, 1950, the RCMP sent another report informing them that the first report was unfounded; this the Senate Sub-Committee failed to obtain or chose to ignore. Mr. Garson also issued a public statement, including the information that neither Mr. Pearson nor his department knew of the 1940 report until Mr. Norman was investigated in 1950. They were apparently unaware until a few days previously that the RCMP had sent the 1940 report to the U.S. This revelation of RCMP methods and the Minister's ignorance of what they are up to deserves to be fully aired in the election campaign. Fortunately this is still possible because the RCMP has not acquired the aura of sanctity that makes the FBI almost immune from criticism.

The Administration in the United States has been made fully aware that a repetition of the Norman investigation may endanger the exchange of security information and will certainly inflame public opinion in Canada. While it would be out of character for Mr. Eisenhower to use his personal popularity resolutely to curb the activities of a Senate committee, steps will probably be taken to prevent the "leakage" of information entrusted to U.S. security agencies. What remains is for the Canadian Government to make clear to both Americans and Canadians the nature of our security regulations. From the Norman case we can infer that association with communists in a period when this was in consonance with self-respect is not a lifelong stigma. There may be many loyal government employees who have had such associations in their early years and have been able, because of our regulations, to prove themselves without becoming professional informers. The difference between our ground rules and those of the Americans should be stated firmly and explicitly in order to avoid future misunderstanding.

Election Myths

The myths that suffuse politics are never more apparent than at election time, and this campaign is no exception for myths seem to have supplanted issues. The most popular current legend is that the twentieth century belongs to Canada, that we are all going to get richer and richer while Canada becomes more and more influential in the world.

Indeed, the wholesale acceptance of this fantasy leads to other myths, the belief, for instance, that the Liberals are responsible for prosperity—by their wise and businesslike management of our affairs—or that the cabinet is composed of supermen who could not be duplicated by another party.

Another myth sedulously cultivated on behalf of the Liberals by the advertising agency of Cockfield Brown (and who is better qualified in our modern society than an ad agency to be a spinner of dreams?) is that the prime minister is a kindly old gent who is paternally—or avuncularly, to be more precise—guiding his little flock towards its goal—a bigger, and fuller, dinner pail. This "benevolent uncle" cult conveniently hides Mr. St. Laurent's irascible Irish-French nature which bursts forth occasionally when some one annoys him, especially an Englishman, as in the Suez crisis or the Dr. Conway incident. In the latter case Mr. St. Laurent expressed indignation at Canadians being talked down to on the CBC "by a young man who had been only a few months in Canada"; yet no one talks down to the Canadian public more frequently than Mr. St. Laurent, on the CBC or anywhere else.

Adding this interference in the CBC to the prime minister's acquiescence to closure in the pipeline debate and his refusal to accept the Speaker's resignation on that occasion after the latter had hopelessly compromised himself—not to mention Mr. St. Laurent's autocratic handling as Minister of Justice of the spy cases in 1946—it is legitimate to wonder how much of the prime minister's reputation as a liberal democrat devoted to high parliamentary principles is a myth also.

But the attractions of a full dinner pail are great and most Canadians appear to prefer the compensations of business to the consolations of philosophy. This hard-headed conviction makes it difficult for the Conservatives to propose alternatives, in fact almost impossible since they share the general enthusiasm for golden legends. A party that withdraws from public circulation the policy resolutions it has just passed at its national convention does not have much confidence in its own ideas, even if they were only a pale imitation of Liberal policy.

The desperation of the P.C. position is summed up by the Tory candidate in a Toronto constituency who announced that he wasn't going to let the Liberals steal his campaign thunder. "I'll not say anything," he is reported to have remarked, "until I get to Ottawa, then I'll tell you what I've done, not what I'm going to do."

Lacking a policy and failing to raise any real issues the Conservatives have tried to create a myth out of their new leader, John Diefenbaker. This takes a lot of doing and the McKim advertising agency whose services the party has enlisted will be hard put to prove the recent assertion of an enthusiastic supporter that Mr. Diefenbaker is "Canada's Abe Lincoln," or indeed that he is much more than a melodramatic courtroom lawyer who lifts his voice prophetically and pounds his fist in the absence of a good brief.

The CCF, of course, has had its own set of myths for some time. Its socialist doctrines were considerably watered down at the party's convention last August and it remains to be seen what will be the effect on the electorate. In the meantime the illness of Mr. Coldwell, the party's leader and best public asset, will curtail his campaign and vote getting. The party may well find itself in a nadir between the broad popularity of its original appeal and the select support of the trade unions towards which it has been advancing.

But of all the myths current in Canadian politics the supreme example is surely Social Credit, which denies myths but lives by them. Any political organization which believes it alone possesses "guiding moral principles" and calls itself

a "movement" to differentiate it from mere political parties which are governed by mere expediency is deluded by its own mythology, and Social Credit certainly suffers from delusions—of all kinds. The platform it announced amid pomp and ceremony at the national rally in Toronto is the greatest collection of confused myths imaginable. The government is denounced for "tight money, excessive taxation, meddling and autocratic action" and at the same time Social Credit advocates the control of business cycles, a new Department of Housing, a vast increase in governmental spending (\$100 old age pensions, a national health plan, "a home for every family," "new aid to farmers," etc), "an increase in income tax exemptions to meet higher living costs" (!), "selective immigration" (unexplained), and development of the north ("Northward lies our future"). All this is "a new vigorous, dynamic policy based on freedom and free enterprise for all." "Where there's Social Credit there's prosperity"—and a lot else. . . . Judging by the lukewarm reception of this program by the sceptical audience which half-filled Massey Hall, Social Credit leaders Low, Manning, and Bennett, who had announced the Toronto meeting as the jumping off point for the movement's march to Ottawa, had better save their return tickets to the west.

Confronted by all this mythology the Canadian voter can scarcely be blamed for being bewildered or uninterested. The lack of issues and the confusion of the few which exist mean that he will undoubtedly follow his indigenous instinct to be cautious and stick to the brand he knows.

P.W.F.

More Mail for Mr. Dunton

Dear Mr. Dunton,

Writing in my capacity as a private citizen, I wish to support those who deplore the licence you allow to inexperienced and unrepresentative individuals to give views of an unpopular and—I use the term advisedly—immoral kind.

The only possible consequence of the kind of policy you are pursuing is more public debate of serious issues and an extension of that liberty of speech and association which can, in the final analysis, lead only to a state of affairs so foul that it will be impossible to make room for fouler.

In that final analysis, when the cards are on the table and our backs are to the wall, what greater weapons can we have than hesitant speech, political reverence and cautiously guarded opinion? To these vital instruments of policy I always give my massive support.

It is my considered opinion that all public private citizens should stand together on this issue.

If you wish to communicate with me further, you will know where I may be found. But please mark your letter "personal"—"O.H.M.S." may give the wrong impression. And I may not be alone.

Believe me, sir, yours most sincerely,

Lucifer.

Bazaar

► A GENERAL ELECTION inevitably gives rise to a discussion, some of it esoteric in nature, some of it of profoundly democratic concern, of the need to vote and the meaning of abstention. But never has apathy been given such a quality of self-conscious and positive inertia as at a recent French by-election. There, among the twenty-two party candidates contesting the seat, stood Monsieur Gayout, leader of the "Abstentionist Party." His program? "To mind my own business and to make other people mind theirs." His strong appeal was supposed to be that one could cast a vote by being absent. "When you stay in your arm-

chair you vote for me." It seems however that he was defeated: a few people went and voted for him. What is more — and more complicated — he did not obtain a majority!

Another recent relevant tale comes from the foothills of the Himalayas at the time of the general election when only nine out of more than five hundred voters cast their ballot. The rest believed implicitly what all the candidates had said. As each had abused the others, the electors, with dim and simple faith and a disrespect for democracy, concluded that none was fit to be elected.

The gentle rumblings on the hustings will also recall the first three lines of Alfred Purdy's poem "Political Meeting" in the last issue of the *Canadian Forum*:

Demosthenes changing blood sugar into alcohol,
Triggered the seeming Sunday calm into bubbles
Popping and trapping the disgusted gods
(Who wished to sleep) in his excitement's outcry . . .

It must be almost a perfect poetic political polemic that can mention the liquor laws, the Lord's Day Alliance and the Senate in successive lines.

"CBC representatives stated during our hearings that although there was a reduction in the total audience listening to radio at any time during the evening hours, the same number of people listen to the radio in any one week as was the case before the advent of television. In their estimation the audience is just as large, but it listens less frequently."

"And the fairly constantly increasing rate of radio sales was cited as proof of the popularity of radio programs."

Thus the Fowler report on the Canadian scene.

"There are some eighteen million adult listeners who depend exclusively on radio programs."

"There will always be an important national audience for sound broadcasting and especially for those programs that can be done better as radio than as television."

Thus the Director-General of the BBC announcing a new pattern of broadcasting in their sound services.

All of which gives rise to the nature and demands of the new radio audience. This, in turn, gives added piquancy to the story of the young British schoolteacher who put an ad in the "Times" to seek support for a campaign to keep Britain's Third Program going. This support he rapidly received at the rate of a hundred and fifty letters a day. Subsequently, the "Third" was scheduled for a two-hour cut every night. One of this noble Galahad's arguments was that the switch to television had been made mainly by the "hearers" of the gently named "Light" program and not by the "listeners" of the "Third." He made the point by asking a meeting of two hundred and fifty "Third" supporters how many had T.V. sets. Eight hands were raised.

The original opening of the Suez Canal was celebrated by the composition and first performance — in Cairo — of a great opera. What are hopes of a work of art as noble as "Aida" to mark its reopening? Thin, one would suppose. Perhaps with some help from Faust and other popular masterpieces, something great might be achieved. A soul-selling scene would be easy. We should not have to go far for a face that launched — and another that sank — a thousand ships. Dulles, the bass, could manage the aria, "Celeste UNEF." The final act would presumably take place in the

cellars of UN Headquarters though it may be difficult to choose the best from among the candidates for entombment.

Verdi was paid 150,000 francs and granted all rights. This new enterprise would cost a little more and should have international support. Because of her leadership role in Middle East affairs, we might look to Canada for a substantial contribution. As it would be a work of art, perhaps the . . . er . . . Canada . . . er . . . Council might . . . er . . .

* * * *

Those who believe in tasteful musical frolicking might study the program of an "evening of symphonic caricature" held in London's Festival Hall some months ago. The deviser's aim was to undermine some of the undue solemnity to which many concert-goers are addicted. A hurdy-gurdy, a sub-contrabass tuba, a sextet of stone hot-water bottles and a length of rubber hosepipe all played their contrapuntal part. Malcolm Arnold prepared an overture in which were featured four powerful vacuum cleaners. One manufacturer of these machines was not amused because he said that such instruments made no noise. The story is that the composer overcame the difficulty by dedicating the piece to President Hoover.

IQBAL

Canadian Calendar

- A new Ontario seaport on the shores of James Bay may come from development of huge iron ore deposits in the Belcher Islands in Hudson Bay.

- Donald Gordon, president of the C.N.R., told the Commons Railway Committee on March 19 that the management of the railway had sliced \$120,000,000 from the amount officials recommended for spending this year, because of the possible effects on inflation.

- Total foreign investment in Canada at the end of 1956 amounted to more than \$15,000,000,000, of which U.S. investment made up at least \$11,500,000,000 or about 77 per cent.

- British Columbia coast sawmills had a tough time in 1956 and the outlook for 1957 is bleak also. Principal market losses occurred in the United Kingdom and other Commonwealth countries.

- Canadian farmers intend to reduce their wheat acreage this year to the lowest point in 14 years, dropping it to 19,876,100 acres, down about 1,500,000 from a year ago.



- Prime Minister St. Laurent had discussions with Prime Minister Macmillan in Bermuda around March 25. One result was that Great Britain will buy \$115,000,000 of uranium from Canada in the next five years.
- Canada's trade deficit in January and February rose to \$142,000,000, a record for the 2-month period.
- The Fowler Commission on Broadcasting recommended in a report tabled by Prime Minister St. Laurent in the Commons on March 28 the establishment of a 15-member Board of Broadcast Governors with authority over all television and radio broadcasting, including private stations.
- A treasury statement issued on March 29 showed a surplus of \$544,100,000 for the 11 months ending Feb. 23, almost twice as large as that predicted earlier by the Finance Minister.
- Canada's foreign trade for the first two months of 1957 reached a new peak of \$1,644,500,000, an increase of 7.7 per cent over the same period in 1956.
- E. Herbert Norman, Canadian Ambassador to Egypt, committed suicide in Cairo on April 4 by leaping from a seventh-storey window.
- The Federal Budget for the current fiscal year will reach the record figure of \$5,334,000,000. The former peacetime high was \$5,157,000,000 for the year just closed.
- John Hart, a former premier of British Columbia, died in Victoria on April 7, aged 78.
- External Affairs Minister Pearson charged in the House of Commons on April 10 that an intolerable intervention into Canadian affairs was made by a U.S. Senate subcommittee when it publicized disproved charges of pro-communism against E. Herbert Norman, Canadian Ambassador to Egypt. Worry over these charges is believed to have been a main cause of Mr. Norman's suicide. Mr. Pearson intimated that if a repetition of such improprieties was not guaranteed, Canada might have to discontinue communicating security information to the American government.
- Construction contract awards for house-building in the first quarter of this year were only a third as great in value as in the same period of 1956. Construction awards in all major categories were considerably short of the record volume of the first quarter of 1956.
- Salary increases for the University of Toronto teaching staff ranging ultimately from \$4,000 to \$2,000 were announced to go into effect on July 1.
- On April 10 the Commons gave third and final reading to the proposed national hospital insurance plan. The House voted formally 165 to 0 in favor of the scheme. It becomes operative when it is accepted by six provinces representing at least half of the Canadian population. Five provinces—Ontario, British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Newfoundland, have already accepted.
- Charles Trick Currelly, former director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology in Toronto (since its establishment in 1914), died in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, on April 10, at the age of 82.
- Albert Edward Lucien Cannon, of Quebec City, a Canadian member of an international truce team in Indo-China, was found stabbed to death in his bed in Saigon, Indo-

China, on April 12. He was the son of the late Mr. Justice Lucien Cannon of the Quebec Superior Court.

- The House of Commons was prorogued on April 11, and a Federal (general) Election called for June 10.
- Prime Minister St. Laurent announced on April 15 that Brooke Claxton of Ottawa, former defence minister and now Canadian vice-president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., has been appointed Chairman of the recently constituted Canada Council of the Arts. Monsignor Georges-Henri Levesque, rector of Montmorency College, Quebec City and former dean of the Faculty of Social Sciences at Laval University, will be vice-chairman. There will be 19 councillors including nationally known figures like Sir Ernest MacMillan, Leonard Brockington, Norman MacKenzie and W. A. Mackintosh. Dr. A. E. W. Trueman will be director.
- Savings on deposit in Canada's chartered banks at Feb. 28 last amounted to \$6,090,000,000 against \$6,039,000,000 at Jan. 31.
- Government House in Victoria, B.C., was destroyed by fire on April 15. The inmates escaped but none of the contents (including valuable furniture and printing) were saved.
- Premier Matheson of Prince Edward Island announced on April 16 the adherence of that province to the federal-provincial hospitalization scheme, making it now operative.

The Soviet Union and the Middle East

Anna Cienciala

► THE SOVIET UNION appeared as a fully fledged Middle Eastern power in 1955, but there has been a long tradition of Russian interest in the region. For over one hundred and fifty years, the Russians have been trying to conquer a free entry into the Mediterranean; till this day, they have been prevented from controlling the Bosphorus first by British, then by American support of Turkey. The Soviet Union concentrated on its interior development between the wars, but in 1940 it laid claim to a zone of influence extending to the Persian Gulf — a demand which largely determined Hitler to attack his ally at the nearest opportunity. The Middle Eastern oil supplies were the object of Allied and Axis struggles in World War II, and the Soviet Union made some attempts to reach them at the conclusion of that war. Pressed to withdraw from Northern Persia and frustrated in its effort to obtain a foothold in Turkey and influence in Greece, the Soviet retired gracefully to the ringside seat while concentrating in more rewarding areas. Several power struggles have been fought out elsewhere before the scene shifted back to the Middle East — the Berlin Blockade, the Korean War, Dienbienphu, the Formosa scare. From 1955, however, the stage has been set in a part of the world which links Europe with Asia and contains the lifeblood of Western Europe.

The Middle East presents by far the most complicated ground for a power struggle today; it also possesses the elements required to be the world's nerve center for many years to come. Its local problems are great enough to prevent stability in the foreseeable future, and since the British withdrawal from the Suez in June, 1956, these problems have become synonymous with the political-military struggle between America and Russia. The problems of the Middle

East lend themselves admirably to exploitation. The large disparity between population and food supplies, extreme poverty, social revolution, a surplus of students, conflict between the desire for technological advance and the desire to keep the old culture and social pattern — all these problems find their explosive outlet in the Arab hatred of Israel and of the West, and their symbol in Abd'el Gamal Nasser of Egypt.

Although the Bolshevik Party manifested an interest in the Middle East from the beginning, the Soviet Union did not until recently try to implement here Lenin's simple but pregnant analysis of the results of Western colonial and semi-colonial control as differences among Western powers and the resistance of the native population to foreign control and influence. Until 1955, the Soviet Union did not attempt to exploit these issues, and its Middle Eastern actions did not bear the stamp of a defined policy. In 1948, the Soviets supported the establishment of Israel in order to pry the British out of Palestine. In 1951 and 1952, they confined themselves to protests against the formation of the Middle Eastern Defense Command, as tending to subordinate the Middle Eastern armed forces and to the "encirclement" of the Soviet Union. In the latter statement, of January 1952, the first note of national interest crept into the Soviet protests.

It was the Bagdad Pact, signed in February, 1955, which really galvanized the Soviet Union into action in the Middle East. The Soviets found a natural ally in the irate Nasser who feared to lose his leadership of the Arab League to Iraq. The Egyptian leader began to find favor in the Soviet press, which in 1952-54, had treated him as a "reactionary puppet" of the British. In April, 1955, *Izvestia* published a statement on the Middle East situation, declaring that the Soviet Union would do all to develop close relations with Middle Eastern countries. It was precisely in that month that Middle Eastern studies underwent a revival in the USSR with the first issue of a Soviet Eastern journal, the *Sovetskoe Vostokovedenie*. Soviet papers warmly praised Nasser's role at the Bandung Conference. In September, a Czech-Egyptian arms deal was concluded, thus, in effect, "jumping" the Northern Tier. By this achievement, the Soviets ended the Western arms monopoly in the Middle East and laid the way to an arms race between Israel and Egypt with the resulting war of October, 1956.

On April 17, 1956, came the first Soviet Foreign Ministry statement of policy on the Middle East, asserting the legitimacy of its interests in this sphere. On the 27th of that month, the British and Soviet leaders issued a joint statement supporting a peaceful and mutually satisfactory settlement of the Arab-Israeli quarrel. This was provoked by the Eisenhower-Eden statement of February, 1956, in which the two leaders contemplated action outside the U.N. if necessary, in Middle Eastern affairs. Soviet participation in U.N., discussions of the Arab-Israeli dispute, however, led to a defeat of the British and American efforts to bring about a settlement of this question in the framework of the British-Soviet statements of April 27. The Western recognition of the USSR as a power with interests in the Middle East thus led to another stalemate in the United Nations. In the meanwhile, throughout 1956, the Soviet Union flooded the Middle East with cultural and technological missions, concluded trade agreements and established diplomatic relations where these had not existed before. The Prince of Yemen and the Shah of Iran were regally entertained in Moscow. Nasser was, however, unable to accept the invitation due to the Suez Canal crisis and the war with Israel.

The lively interest which the Soviet Union has shown in Middle Eastern affairs since 1955, has stemmed from three sources. In the first place, Soviet foreign policy be-

came much more flexible under the Khrushchev-Bulganin regime — flexible enough to play power-politics pure and simple without ideological overtones which might not fit in with the social-economic pattern of a given area. Thus, it did not repeat the mistakes of the early Communist movement in the Middle East which had failed because it attacked Islam, when its hold on the masses was much stronger than it is today. Secondly, in 1955, the Bagdad Pact which was supposed to block Soviet infiltration, split the Middle East on yet another issue — that of rivalry for the leadership of the Arab League. Thirdly, the path for interference was made less dangerous by the Geneva Conference of July, 1955 which marked the high-water mark of Western hopes for co-operation with the USSR. Lastly, the setting for intervention was made favorable by the withdrawal of the last British forces from the Suez Canal zone in June, 1956.

Whatever may be said by Mr. Dulles' biographers about American provocation of Nasser over the Aswan Dam, events have shown that the Soviet Union was not willing to invest in Egypt or Syria except where armaments are concerned, and that it was not prepared to launch a third world war over the control of this area. It is quite likely that the Soviet "volunteers" offer in November, 1956, was simply meant to test the extent of American reaction and that the latter proved enough to make the USSR desist from implementing its offer. Moreover, the Soviets had their own troubles, in Eastern Europe. The United States warned Russia away from the Middle East and by its efforts through the United Nations, brought the British-French and Israeli action to a halt. The new American Middle Eastern policy, the "Middle East Marshall Plan" as it has been called, may stave off Soviet penetration because the Soviet Union has its own serious economic problems, and because the Arab states themselves are not by any means united on the desirability of Soviet aid and influence. The richest Arab state, Saudi Arabia, is also the most backward, and its ruler dislikes the revolutionary implications of Soviet aid and of Nasser's reachings for the fellaheen. Besides, Saudi's most important customers are the very countries from which Nasser would like to keep the Middle Eastern oil. Saudi money has been supporting Egyptian propaganda against Israel, but it is hardly likely to support the cutting off of its own resources. Iraq, though its hatred of Israel is as great as that of other Arab countries, is not in favor of an Egyptian hegemony of the Middle East, to which it has its own aspirations, nor is Lebanon. The King of Jordan, like the King of Iraq, has old scores to settle with King Saud, but he has to fight very effective Egyptian propaganda and 700,000 Arab refugees from Palestine. Syria, Egypt's closest ally so far, has the strongest Communist party in the Middle East but is also deeply in debt. The Bagdad Pact has split the Middle East into two clearly emerging blocs — the signatory countries plus Lebanon, on the one hand, and Egypt and Syria on the other. These two blocs are angling for Jordan while Saudi Arabia is aspiring to the mystic role of leader of Middle Eastern Islam. Among all the various issues of the region, there is only one on which the Arabs have been able to unite and that is hatred of Israel. Even here, they have been defeated.

Washington is now playing two leading cards in the Middle East — it is trying to build the conservative King Saud into a central figure instead of Nasser, and simultaneously it is offering economic aid on a large scale. The Soviet Union may be economically worsted but it will take a long time for economic aid to show any results, and meanwhile the Soviets will keep a tight hold on the emotional appeal of their all-out support for the Arab cause against

Israel. The next few months are likely to see palace revolutions and perhaps local conflicts, but the new U.S. policy in the Middle East is at last a constructive move to fill up a power vacuum. It cannot, however, be dismissed as just that. The Eisenhower policy is an enlightened attempt to combine power politics with aid for crying regional problems. The aid will probably have to be increased and patience will be required to see results, but no intelligent observer of foreign affairs can put it at the same level as Soviet arms supplies. The Soviet policy of arms shipments was about as constructive as putting a match to a powder-keg.

ANNA M. CIENCIALA.

The International Geophysical Year

D. C. Rose

► THE STUDY OF THE STARS and planets and their motion in the sky has been a fascinating science since the beginning of human intelligence. A study of the earth itself is no less fascinating and important. Though the earth is the one body in the galaxy which can be examined closely there is still a great deal to be learned about it. To the geophysicist the earth is not stable solid firmament but is alive and dynamic mass with a slightly flexible outer shell and a liquid centre.

Besides its motion in the solar system its interior is in a constant state of movement, the surface is changing, cracks appear, mountains form and are eroded away by the action of a very dynamic atmosphere. In the human span of time the more drastic of these changes are very slow and except for occasional violent earthquakes are rarely felt. The less drastic, on the other hand, like tides and changes in weather are experienced by everyone. The energy in these commonplace events is still prodigious—that available in the atmosphere to make hurricanes or violent storms far outspans even large atomic bombs.

The earth and its atmosphere move in a turbulent highly electrically conducting ionized gas, a gas which is very tenuous compared with the air we breathe, even compared with the high vacuum we can produce in a laboratory. Nevertheless, this region at the outer reaches of the earth's atmosphere is where the aurora and ionosphere are formed, making the brilliant arrays in the night sky and having a profound effect on radio communication.

In making scientific measurements of physical phenomena which extend over large areas, international cooperation is essential. The International Geophysical Year is just an effort by scientists throughout the world to take a set of simultaneous measurements and pool their results in a way which will be equally useful to everybody. The current effort running from July 1, 1957 to December 31, 1958, is not the first of its kind. Two previous International Polar Years were organized, the first in 1882-83, the second fifty years later 1932-33. These were limited to polar regions because such large areas in the north and south were then almost completely unknown. The development of air transport has advanced scientific work in the Arctic and Antarctic to such an extent that it is only a little more difficult to do scientific work there than at any other point remote from industrial areas. Therefore, when the suggestion of a third Polar Year arose about five years ago the idea that it should embrace the whole earth rather than just polar regions was popular. Fifty-five countries now have national committees and are taking part to varying extents in this great pooling of scientific resources.

The international organization has its headquarters near Brussels in Belgium. This headquarters operates under a Special Committee for the I.G.Y. (Comité Spécial de l'Année Géophysique Internationale, C.S.A.G.I.). This committee was appointed by the International Council of Scientific Unions and includes members representing eight International Scientific Unions.

This headquarters acts as a co-ordinating centre. It arranges conferences on various phases of the work, and on problems related to specific areas, such as the Antarctic. It also acts as a clearing house for information and instructions on uniform methods in taking measurements and presenting data.

The scientific work is divided into fourteen so-called disciplines partly for the sake of convenience but mostly because these are natural subdivisions of the very comprehensive field known as geophysics or the physics of the planet on which we live.

The first of these disciplines is known as World Days. This involved the selection of particular days and groups of days on which more intensive measurements will be carried out. Many types of experiments are too difficult or too expensive to carry out on a regular routine basis. For instance, the release of large plastic balloons carrying expensive instruments to great heights in the atmosphere 100,000 feet or more, is too expensive to carry out, say every day, though it would be very valuable if it could be done every day or even twice a day. Certain days are, therefore, selected as World Days on which everyone will carry out specialized types of experiments. Two types of World Days are being planned. The first type can be selected in advance. This includes selected world meteorological intervals (W.M.I.) which are periods of ten consecutive days each quarter, during which special meteorological measurements will be taken. Four days each lunar month, periods of unusual meteor activity, and eclipses are also Special World Days that can be selected in advance.

Then there is a plan for "alerts" when such things as ionosphere storms, magnetic disturbances or aurora may be expected. These can be predicted, not with any certainty, but they are known to be associated with the occurrence of certain types of turbulence on the surface of the sun and sometimes these turbulent areas can be seen before the phenomenon occurs on the earth. "Special World Intervals" may then be called on short notice.

The World Warning Agency for Alerts and Special World Intervals is at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, near Washington, D.C. Data must be fed into a centre from all over the world and the notification of Alerts and Special World Intervals must go all over the World. The organization of the communication system for this has been no small effort.

The second discipline is Meteorology. The emphasis for the meteorological I.G.Y. program will be on the study of the world wide circulation of air. The world wide circulation of air cannot be completely known unless measured all over the surface of the earth and from ground level to great heights in the atmosphere. The present plans are the nearest approach to such a set of measurements that has yet been possible. It is far from perfect but there are stations from the north to the south pole with concentrations along certain convenient meridian lines. The radiation balance between the earth, the atmosphere and the sun including infrared, visible, and ultraviolet light is the second prominent study in this program.

Geomagnetism is the third discipline and one of the oldest branches of Geophysics. Large fluctuations in the earth's magnetic field occur, often associated with sun spots, disturbances in radio propagation, and the occurrence of

aurora. These magnetic fluctuations are believed to be due to electrical currents in the upper atmosphere, and our objective is to demonstrate this more clearly and learn more about the distribution of such currents.

Aurora and Airglow, the light other than starlight, in the night sky is the fourth discipline. The Aurora is caused by electrical discharges in the rarefied atmosphere sixty to several hundred miles up. The Airglow results from chemical exchanges in the air at similar levels. The Aurora occurs most frequently in a belt about 20° of co-latitude away from the geomagnetic pole. The location of the band of its maximum occurrence is one of the important I.G.Y. projects.

The Ionosphere is the layer of high electrical conducting gas in the upper atmosphere that is of vital importance to radio communication. Without it, communication using present broadcast frequencies would be reduced to little beyond line-of-sight distances. Yet it is very variable in height and in conductivity. Sometimes an absorbing layer slips in under the reflecting layer and there is a radio black-out. These things are also affected by bursts of radiation from the sun and one objective is to learn a great deal more about them.

The sixth discipline is Solar Activity. Streams of radiation and particles from the sun have already been mentioned in connection with Geomagnetism, the Aurora and the Ionosphere. Correlation of the observed upper atmosphere effects, with what appears on the surface of the sun is gradually giving scientists a picture of what is likely to be happening in the intervening space near the earth. The sun can only be seen from the daylight side of the earth and then only in clear weather. To keep a continuous watch on the sun, therefore, as many observatories as possible have been asked to keep a watch on the sun by almost minute to minute photographs of its surface using light from the red line of hydrogen. A number of laboratories also measure radio waves coming from the sun. If the observatories are spread around the earth, as it rotates someone can always see what is happening on the side of the sun facing the earth. These data are essential in making the desired predictions for calling Special World Intervals.

Cosmic Rays (the seventh discipline) are fast moving particles of ordinary matter travelling with velocities very nearly equal to that of light and with energies up to 10^{18} electron volts (a billion times a billion electron volts) or perhaps higher. The source of this energy is believed to be tied up with electromagnetic and dynamic motions in tenuous clouds of matter in interstellar space. Solar activity has some effect on lower energy cosmic rays. They are also affected by the earth's magnetic field and recent experiments indicate that some features of the earth's magnetic field at great distances from the earth may be deduced by studying cosmic rays.

The study of latitudes and longitudes is listed as the eighth discipline. This is, in effect, a study of the rotation of the earth and its exact shape. Your position on the earth is referred to the earth's axis of rotation, but both the position of the earth's axis and its rate or rotation vary slightly. The amount is too small to be noticeable in one's span of life or to affect the boundaries of freehold property but it is known and can be measured. By using new techniques involving precision measurements on the moon from a large number of stations, more precise information can be obtained on the size and shape of the earth.

The ninth discipline (Glaciology) is of particular interest to Canada since a large share of the world's important glaciers is in our mountainous regions and in the northland. Glaciers and the storage of water in the great ice caps profoundly affect climates and the levels of the oceans. It

is important to know if these are changing. A few casual measurements tell us nothing but the concentrated efforts of about 20 stations in Antarctica and a number in the Arctic area are going to give us a great deal of information.

A study of the circulation of water in the great oceans is part of the tenth discipline (Oceanography). To do this effectively requires multiple ship surveys and is another I.G.Y. objective. In mapping the heights of land or mountains we use mean sea level as the base from which measurements are taken, but what is mean sea level? Its position will change with changes in salinity or temperature even at great depths.

Rockets and Satellites are listed as the eleventh discipline. Spectacular though these are they are only a means to an end as far as the I.G.Y. is concerned. The importance of measurements in the upper atmosphere was mentioned in the paragraphs on Meteorology, the Aurora and the Ionosphere. Rockets give us a chance to send instruments into the interesting regions 50 to 150 miles up and satellites give us a chance to get measuring instruments even higher and take a long look at the earth as they circulate. The difficult techniques of getting them up there and of telemetering data to the ground stations introduce sufficient problems to justify listing this as a discipline. Several countries are firing rockets, but only U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. have signified intentions of firing satellites.

Seismology and Gravity are the twelfth and thirteenth disciplines. They are mentioned together because they both deal essentially with the interior of the earth. The former uses sudden deformations in the earth's crust to deduce information about its interior and the latter, anomalies in the gravitational force at the surface. These two disciplines have been organized on an international basis for many years. Particularly in the case of seismology, an international exchange of data is essential to the study of almost any earthquake. The main purpose in including these in the I.G.Y. was to take advantage of expeditions to the Arctic and Antarctic to establish new stations and thereby add them to the existing network.

The fourteenth discipline, Radioactivity in the Atmosphere, was added to the program only in 1956. It is an attempt to get a survey of the radioactive dust that has accumulated in the upper atmosphere because of atomic explosions. A study will also be made of natural radioactivity of the atmosphere. This problem is very complicated and to get a detailed knowledge of what is happening will involve an enormous amount of sampling and chemical analysis. The carrying of such material in the atmosphere for long periods is very important from a geophysical point of view quite apart from the possible effects on human health that are being studied in many countries.

The overall Canadian I.G.Y. Program will involve measurements at about eighty stations. Only a few of these were established specifically for the I.G.Y. Many are regular weather stations where more extensive scientific measurements will be undertaken. They extend from Halifax to Victoria and from Winnipeg to the most northern tip of Canada at the top of Ellesmere Island about 500 miles from the north pole. The organization is being carried out by Committees of the National Research Council but four other government departments and a number of Canadian universities are heavily involved. Like the international effort the program in Canada is a co-operative one.

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The Afro-Asians in the United Nations

Douglas G. Anglin

► ONE OF THE MOST significant developments since the war has been the startling increase in the number of non-European States in the United Nations. Since 1946, the Afro-Asian group — which includes all African and Asian members except Israel, Nationalist China and Turkey — has nearly tripled in size, from ten to twenty-seven, while its relative voting strength has increased from under one-fifth of the total membership to exactly one-third. As a result, it is now the largest single group in the General Assembly, far outnumbering the Latin American bloc whose size has remained fixed at twenty.

Since the admission of eleven of the new Afro-Asian members has taken place since December 1955 — the majority under Canadian sponsorship — the impact of this dramatic shift in the balance of power in the United Nations was not fully felt until the Eleventh Session of the General Assembly recently concluded. The result has not been entirely reassuring. In fact, the reaction in some British and French circles has been one of undisguised alarm, verging in some instances on hysteria. In the light of this, two recent and sharply conflicting assessments of the role of the Afro-Asian group in the work of the Eleventh Session assume particular importance. The first was contained in a speech which Mr. L. B. Pearson delivered on April 4th to the Women's Canadian Club of St. John, New Brunswick; the second was in the form of a memorandum prepared by Mr. Charles Lynch, CBC correspondent at UN headquarters, and circulated privately to members of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs on the same day.

While Mr. Lynch clearly does not speak with the same authority as the Minister of External Affairs, his views cannot lightly be dismissed. For one thing, he has been in close and continuous contact with the Canadian Delegation in New York for months. Besides, he does not suffer from the same restraints which are inevitably imposed on government spokesmen by virtue of their official position.

At times, this distinction in status may make a considerable difference in the views expressed and on this occasion, according to Mr. Lynch, it does. He claims that the Canadian Government has far graver misgivings about the present course of events than it is prepared to admit publicly. While "the official Canadian position is solidly behind the U.N.", he believes that "at least some members of the Canadian Delegation" share his view that the recent additions of Afro-Asian members has seriously upset the balance of the Assembly. He even goes so far as to say that "it is probable that Mr. Pearson would have some interesting things to say in a private discussion about the shortcomings of the Assembly as presently constituted."

Although it is too much to expect that Mr. Pearson's public utterances should always faithfully reflect his inner convictions, the categorical nature of many of his statements on this occasion and the reasonableness of his arguments lend firm weight to his words. What did he have to say about the role of the Afro-Asians in the United Nations, and how does his assessment of the situation differ from that of Mr. Lynch's?

In the first place, Mr. Pearson repudiates any suggestion that a solid Afro-Asian bloc of nations exists. "The fact is," he says "that there is no 'Afro-Asian bloc' at the United Nations." After pointing out that these countries are careful to speak of themselves as a group rather than a bloc, he

goes on to state that "there are few groups within the United Nations which are less united and disciplined" and adds: "The lack of cohesion in the group is a fact which should dispel some of the exaggerated fears of the Europeans."

Mr. Lynch is not so optimistic. He admits that the Afro-Asian group is "not cohesive as it sometimes appears to be," but he still sees no reason, despite the objections of the Afro-Asians, for not continuing to refer to it as a bloc. In support of this contention, he points to their "virtually unanimous" support of the Egyptian point of view in the Middle Eastern crisis and their strong inclination to vote together on other questions, particularly what might be called colonial or western-imperialist issues.

Mr. Pearson is also at pains to emphasize that "the picture which is being built up in certain quarters of a majority of the votes of the United Nations Assembly lined up irrevocably against the West, demanding that the Western democracies give up their territories or hand over their treasure, is not an accurate one." He concedes an "element of truth" in the charge that the United Nations is coming increasingly under the domination of an irresponsible majority of African and Asian countries allied from time to time with the Soviet bloc and Latin America, but:

"it is not the whole truth, or even a major part of it. The Africans and Asians, with or without the Soviet bloc, do not dominate the Assembly. If — and this is a big 'if' — they all vote together they can prevent the necessary two-thirds majority being obtained for any resolution. Their power at its strongest, therefore, is a power not to impose, but to frustrate; not positive, but negative."

Moreover, the system of reaching Assembly decisions on the basis of one state, one vote has not proven as absurd in practice as it can be made to appear in theory. "The larger powers," Mr. Pearson points out, "because they are the most powerful do influence the voting of the smaller powers, do exercise far more influence than a single vote would suggest." What in fact has happened, he suggests, is simply that the Western Powers no longer have "that dominating influence in the actions of the United Nations which they have had in the past" and that they will, in future, have to work harder to retain what influence they still have. However, this is not something for which the UN should be blamed. It is the product of inevitable historical processes in the world. The shift in the balance of power in the United Nations merely reflects the evolution which is taking place in international society.

The proof of the pudding, however, is in the eating, and here again Mr. Pearson manages to be moderately encouraging. He admits that "certain Western countries get far more than their fair share of censure, while far worse offenders escape." Nevertheless, he contends that an analysis of the recent Assembly "does not warrant a charge that it behaved irresponsibly or fanatically, or that it was invariably hostile to the West. 'Some resolutions were adopted which were futile, others that were silly, and one or two that were unfair. But it would be hard to prove that any of them were dangerous or extreme, and some of them were of positive peace-preserving values. There were extreme speeches made and some irresponsible moves attempted. But the resolutions which secured the requisite two-thirds majority were usually the product of reasonable compromise.'"

Mr. Lynch is far less happy. He is not only distressed at what he saw at the Eleventh Session; he envisages much worse to come. The Afro-Asians, he states, "rejoice in their new found influence within the United Nations." As the representatives of a majority of the world's population, they intend to continue to assert their voice and "nurse their old

grudges". The next Assembly session, he concludes, will be "watched closely to see if the tendencies of the eleventh session become a trend."

Agriculture and the Gordon Commission

V. C. Fowke

► "DO YOU WANT a big agriculture or a prosperous one?" parried Andrew Stewart from the corner. He had been backed into the corner by the secretary of the Agricultural Institute of Canada hotly pursuing the perpetrators of the agricultural sections of the Gordon Report. As hotly, that is, as could be in twenty-one minutes of polite radio banter shared with two other people and at least six other questions. In the fragment of time remaining, the secretary could not even clear his throat for reply and the moderator of the Farm Radio Forum called the whole thing a draw.

Literally, of course, Dr. Stewart's question makes no sense. A form of productive activity carried on in ten provinces, with 575,000 individual enterprises and a labor force of 800,000, and providing a livelihood for two and one-half million persons, can never be called small. Even the expected continuation of the decline in its labor force can not possibly threaten Canadian agriculture with imminent pigmyism. Nor would anyone seriously suggest that bigness and prosperity are wholly incompatible in Canadian agriculture. Dr. Stewart's question might readily be dismissed as the agile and practised evasion of a perilous debating thrust.

It might, and no doubt generally will be. In my opinion, however, the query deserves to be considered and answered with every measure of respect because it strikes squarely at one of agriculture's most serious handicaps, a persistent and almost universal tendency to have too many people on the land.

The free-enterprise philosophy takes for granted that the decision as to how many people shall work in each and every occupation is to be made as a by-product of competition and the search for profits. Since both exist within the economy, we venture to call it alternatively a profit-motivated and a competitive economy. This is justifiable. But something else is not: the assumption that competition and profits are compatible within the same segments of the economy. Profits exist where competition has been stifled. The search for profits is a search for ways to impair competition. A free-enterprise economy is one in which those persons compete who cannot avoid doing so. Farmers illustrate the type perfectly.

Those who can avoid or substantially impair competition secure profits by restricting output and, hence, employment. The surplus supply of labor thus created must find work as best it can, and only in those occupations where competition is complete and unconfirmed is there certainty that entry will not be barred. Whether a living wage awaits the surplus labor in such occupations is doubtful but irrelevant. Any wage is better than no wage at all, and a very low wage is better than unemployment-insurance benefits.

Agriculture is the one surviving stronghold of unrestrained and unavoidable competition in Canada. Its complement of workers at any point of time is determined, therefore, not by any independent assessment of its own reasonable requirements, but by whatever numbers the monopolistic or partially monopolistic occupations of the country do not want. The situation is further aggravated by rural rates

of natural increase which are high and exceed the national average.

This is at least part of the background against which to read and evaluate the agricultural sections of the Gordon Report. It should serve to nullify some of the criticisms commonly being made, but will give rise to others. In a dozen pages devoted to "Agriculture" and "Wheat" the Commission made a number of specific suggestions on farm policy. These are too qualified and conditional to be regarded as recommendations, but in spite of, or perhaps because of, their moderate nature, almost every substantive suggestion put forward by the Commission has managed to draw the fire of partisans on both sides.

The suggestion that "there might be merit in imposing some limit upon the number of years in which payments could be made under the [Prairie Farm Assistance] Act" (pp. 27-8) has been interpreted as an attack on crop insurance and a recommendation for the abandonment of prairie agriculture to the destitution of the thirties. Sturdy free enterprisers, on the other hand, safely insulated against economic shock by monopoly positions, have interpreted the suggestion as a wishy-washy tolerance of public charity. The statement that "the further growth of the co-operative movement and of compulsory co-operative marketing boards . . . seems to be highly probable" (p. 29) will satisfy no staunch advocate of these instruments of agricultural reform, but is interpreted by their opponents as servile acquiescence in a persistent trend which can end only in the enslavement of society.

And then there are those who are sure the Commission took stands that it did not take or advised on matters which it may not have even mentioned. There is a general impression that the Commission advised some diminution of the wheat economy because it pointed out that there were different ways in which to reduce wheat acreage if it should ever become necessary, and recommended that the Wheat Board should make forward commitments on quantity as well as price. The strongest statement the Commission makes on the matter is, "if our estimates of foreign and domestic demand are reasonable ones, it does not seem that Canada should plan any permanent reduction from the present acreage sown to wheat" (p. 31). As for matters not even mentioned, ask any ten people what the Gordon Commission advised about the South Saskatchewan River dam. Nine will tell you that the Commission stated it should not be built, this despite the complete lack of mention of the project in the Preliminary Report.

The trouble with the agricultural sections of the Report is not that they contain equivocal or trifling recommendations but that they contain recommendations at all. The Commission was not required by its terms of reference to recommend on any matter but only to "inquire into and report upon . . . the probable economic development of Canada and the problems to which such development appears likely to give rise" (p. 117). Most parts of the text of the chapters on Agriculture and Wheat are fully consistent with this directive. This is true not only of the obviously descriptive paragraphs but also of nearly all the comments which critics have mis-labelled recommendations and belabored for equivocation. The Commission did not make clear that prescription was not its purpose, and compromised itself in the agricultural sections of its Report at least by advising one or two specific modifications of existing policy. Its most casual comment therefore became subject to interpretation as policy declaration with results that are readily understandable.

The Commission hints that its interest in agricultural matters has been given full rein in the preparation of a



SKIING COUNTRY, BANFF — *Martha I. Houston*

special study entitled *Progress and Prospects of Canadian Agriculture*. We have great hopes for this study. If it embodies a thorough analysis of the materials implied by its title it will make a major contribution to the understanding of the Canadian economy and will do all that the Commission was directed, or could be expected, to do with reference to agriculture.

It is too late to influence the form or content of this special study but not too late to hope that it will contain specific things and not others. We hope that it will analyse fully the place of agriculture in an expanding Canadian economy, that it will make a clear distinction between a big and a prosperous agriculture, and hold firmly to the latter as the desirable goal. We hope it will demonstrate convincingly that agriculture's chronic ills arise from a persistent surfeit of able-bodied and willing workers, and that these ills are bound to persist unless opportunities for non-farm employment and cityward migration are maintained at an exceptionally high level and are exploited to the full. We hope it will make clear that one of the crying needs of the Canadian agricultural population is for better educational opportunity, not, we must hasten to add, to further the improvement of farming practices but primarily to permit an increasing proportion of the surplus farm population to find a livelihood and way of life elsewhere. We hope, finally, that the study will not perpetuate the hoary and patently false doctrine that, when all else fails, science, agricultural research, and agricultural extension can be counted on to yield improvement in the farmer's material lot. One of the elementary axioms of economics is that cost reductions cannot benefit producers in a competitive industry but are passed on immediately and inevitably to consumers in reduced prices. Funds allocated to agricultural research yield big social dividends but are powerless to create agricultural profits or prosperity.

The New Comedy

Richard Voorbees

► ALL THROUGH the thirties and forties old hands like Evelyn Waugh and Joyce Cary had a corner on the comic novel in England. During the past three years, however, two comic novelists still in their early thirties have got wide critical and wider popular attention. When John Wain published *Hurry on Down* (in America called *Born in Captivity*), he was greeted as one of the three new English writers most worth watching, and Kingsley Amis's *Lucky Jim* went through its thirteenth British impression in two years. Amis has been not only enthusiastically welcomed as a fresh talent, but also bitterly deplored as a new symptom: some conservatives see his heroes as the type of Englishmen that the welfare state produces. Whatever the sociological significance of a character like Jim Dixon, he is unquestionably entertaining. The only question is one of the level of entertainment.

One of the remarkable as well as amusing things about Jim is that he has a grimace for every occasion. Among others he makes the shot-in-the-back, the wasted and consumptive, the Eskimo, the sex-life-in-ancient-Rome, and the Evelyn Waugh faces. But the purpose of Jim's repertory of faces is not to amuse himself, much less to amuse others. In fact, he usually makes his faces with his back turned to other persons. He meets situations with faces because he cannot cope with them in any more effective way: the covert grimace is about as close as he can get to a decisive

or creative act. If he makes a face overtly, he is not seeking self-expression, but a self to express. Striking attitudes picked up from films and books, Amis's characters are forever offering examples of Oscar Wilde's paradox that it is not art that imitates nature, but nature that imitates art. One of Jim's girl friends models her behavior on metaphors that attract her and practices, for instance, a "tinkle-of-tiny-silver-bells" laugh. Jim himself has a fondness for the tough American novel and movie, and his conversation owes much to these sources. "Quoting from a film he'd once seen, he said to Christine: 'Better do as he says, lady, otherwise he's liable to kick your teeth in.'" In this respect, the only difference between Jim Dixon and John Lewis, the older hero of Amis's second novel, *That Uncertain Feeling*, is that Lewis is more aware of what he is doing.

In their fantasy lives Amis's heroes somewhat resemble the narrator of *The Tunnel of Love*, by the American comic writer Peter Devries. But the fantasies of Devries' character have an elaborateness that comes from detachment, even from a kind of repose. Jim's fantasies are often provoked by the immediate situation and never set up and developed at leisure, like chapters in a novel. Sometimes they are as violent as they are absurd. Irritated by the head of his department in the small university where he teaches history, he imagines that he has thrown him over his shoulder, rushed into the men's room with him, thrust his feet into the toilet, and flushed it repeatedly. Jim may be a fall guy in fact, but he is a devil of a fellow at heart. If Devries' character is capable of an irony that Jim is not capable of, he is nevertheless more innocent than Jim. Like Jim, he sets seduction as one of his major goals (like Jim, he fails to reach it), but there is a sort of invincible purity about Jim throughout the entire affair.

John Lewis has a repertory of faces, and voices to go with them (including the "cut-glass Cardiff announcer's accent" and the Welsh workman's), but he makes his faces openly and boldly, though with an irony directed half at himself. In a job interview he adjusts his features to indicate that he is competent and sober, but also imaginative. "I moved my lips forward a couple of millimetres to indicate this last property, but kept my brow trustworthy and my eyes competent." Other faces of Lewis, however, are prompted, not by practical matters and the cynical belief that everything is a racket and a matter of appearances, but by mere boredom or by the exuberant impudence of the young. Lewis likes to nod imperceptibly to the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield in the library where he works, or put out his tongue at one of a former mayor. In Jim, who, like Lewis, is in his middle twenties, the childishness is less deliberate. When, as he breakfasts on corn flakes and broods over his accumulating problems, he blows bubbles in the milk in his spoon, the act is as unconscious as it is infantile.

Both Dixon and Lewis have a taste for practical jokes and childish pranks. Jim puts a mustache and snaggle teeth on a picture of a composer whom one of his musical enemies admires and sends the same man threatening letters. The hero of Wain's *Living in the Present* breaks a window in the apartment below his by suspending a hammer on a string and swinging it against the glass, and the hero of his *Born in Captivity* sends an enemy a series of telegrams signed "Merde." The signature is typical of the heroes' childish reliance on obscenities, which they do not use automatically, like soldiers and sailors, but vehemently, like young boys who have just learned them. Their immaturity is further demonstrated by their attitudes toward liquor. To Wain's Charles Lumley a drink is not a drink; it is a grand and dramatic remedy for sorrows, a solemn rite, a source of inspiration. Like Jim, Charles even subscribes to the adolescent superstition that people get drunker

by mixing their drinks than by sticking to the ones that they started with.

The preoccupation with sex is on the same level. Lewis still takes an interest in pin-up pictures and is fascinated to find that there is a history of underclothing in the library. But the preoccupation is partly compounded of bewilderment and fear; women are not only desirable, but also mysterious, formidable, and probably quite inaccessible. When Jim takes a girl onto a dance-floor, he can scarcely believe that she is going to permit him to touch her, or that other men will not decide to prevent him. Lewis, whose thoughts are haunted by the archetype of the sexy woman, is nonplussed when he encounters a concrete example of one. In short, the heroes of the new comic novel exhibit that combination of desire and diffidence that is one of the elements of Bob Hope's comedy.

The authors of the novels are, in fact, as deeply indebted to the movies as their heroes are. Jim Dixon tears his trousers in a strategic spot, is compelled to ride with a maniac of a driver, gets maneuvered into part singing although he cannot read music, falls asleep while smoking and burns the bedclothes, which he frenziedly attempts to repair and conceal from his hostess. Lewis also gets embroiled in the standard situations. Caught in a compromising situation, he first tries to pass himself off as a plumber, turning on faucets and feeling the hot water tank. Then, after the requisite hiding behind doors and in closets, he manages to escape wearing women's clothes. He is actually taken for a woman by an amorous old character, and they dash down the street in the inevitable chase. Clearly, this is all farce pure and simple, and the business of the woman's dress should not be compared with that in Anthony Powell's *From a View to a Death*, which is much more than farcical.

Yet Amis can be a very funny farceur. The telephone is an overworked property of farce comedy, but the scenes in which Jim impersonates a newspaper man, the long-distance operator, and even line noises are some of the most hilarious in comic literature. Moreover, Amis uses the same property with greater imagination to show how the farcical may frustrate or accompany one's noblest actions or intentions. When Lewis, resolving to be faithful to his wife in the future, phones a woman with whom he has been carrying on an affair and tells her that he does not wish to see her again, he forgets to press Button A. Therefore, in accord with the peculiar mechanics of British public phones, he can hear her answer, but she cannot hear a word of his farewell speech. So weakened by the effort of it that he cannot repeat it, he presses Button B to get his money back, and the phone, like a slot machine, returns him three times as many coppers as he has put into it. Submitting to his farcical fate, he goes off and buys a beer with the money. In another telephone scene Lewis magnanimously wishes not to listen to advice which will give him an unfair advantage over other candidates for a job. The nearest distraction at hand is a copy of *Astounding Science Fiction*, in which he proceeds to read about a man who has contrived "to transfer to himself the process . . . of reproduction by fission. At the moment I'd had to stop reading, there were 512 personages, all identical, considering the situation likely to arise when they became 1,024 in ten minutes' time. They were traveling in a small space-ship, which by now they filled to the air locks, between two planetary systems in the constellation Bootes."

Some reviewers have called the new comic novels picaresque. It is now impossible, of course, to write in any strict sense of the word the sort of novel that originated in a highly stratified society, but a kind of sequel to it can, indeed, be written. When the class structure is, if not actually dissolved, at least broken down, as it is in England today;

when people no longer have the fixed position that stratification provides, a new feeling becomes possible (and hence a new literature), that of being one up or one down. In fact, this age, which has been described in so many ways already, might be described as the Age of Gamesmanship, of the Potter Era. There is a regular textbook example of the Potter technique in one scene in *That Uncertain Feeling*, where a Welshman puts an Englishman off his stride and practically out of his mind by a mixture of impertinent questions about his degrees and ostentatious offers of cigarettes. But this Welshman is a very minor character. The heroes are not picaresque even in the broad sense of being adventurers. They are too often the vanquished rather than the victor, too much the butt and too little the rogue to be the successors of the picares. Their natural habitat is hot water, not adventure.

Wain's Charles Lumley, however, satisfies one of the obvious requisites of the picaresque novel, since he moves through diverse environments in a succession of jobs: he washes windows, delivers automobiles to the docks for export, smuggles drugs, chauffeurs for a rich man, works as a hospital orderly and as a night club bouncer, and finally writes jokes for a radio program. But Wain's heroes as well as Amis's exhibit most conspicuously that aspect of the old picaresque hero of which the modern reader is least aware: that aspect which Cassell's *Encyclopaedia of World Literature* sums up thus: ". . . the picaresque hero is the type of sinning humanity, whose life is bad but who may one day make a good choice and save himself." During the five years of his marriage John Lewis's eyes have constantly wandered from his wife, and at the beginning of the book they are fixed upon a woman who has given him her come-hither look. But his purpose is not fixed; hence that uncertain feeling. After taking Elizabeth dancing Lewis describes himself as "Feeling a tremendous rakehell, and feeling rather a good chap for not liking myself for it, and not liking myself at all for feeling rather a good chap . . ." Elizabeth, whose feelings are not in the least uncertain, forces Lewis to commit himself, but he possesses her only once. Then he flees, taking his wife and children with him, to the mining town in which he was born, where he gets a job in the sales department of the mine. The last section of the book describes a party at which Lewis slips again into his habit of posturing and tries one of his special smiles on a woman intent upon cuckolding her husband. "It was like old times," he says, "back with my roles again." But the lapse is only momentary and leads nowhere.

Since Lewis makes even less money at the mine than he did at the library, *That Uncertain Feeling* is a success story only in moral terms, but *Lucky Jim* is a success story both morally and materially. It derives from a form much older than the picaresque novel. Jim is the underprivileged hero of the fairy tale who is despised by his classier rivals but triumphs over them in the end. Jim does not, to be sure, marry a king's daughter, but he comes close by marrying a rich man's niece, and when, earlier, he is fired from his teaching job, he gets a better one from the rich uncle. The reason that he gets both the girl and the job is that he is, like the fairy tale hero, morally superior to the other candidate. "It's not that you've got the qualifications, for this or any other work," the uncle tells Jim, "but there are plenty who have. You haven't got the disqualifications, though, and that's much rarer."

The new comedy, then, is not so new after all. In breaking away from the comedy of novelists like Evelyn Waugh and Anthony Powell, the young writers return to much older models. The breaking away is also a falling away. Waugh's and Powell's worlds are in some ways mad ones, but they have about them the madness of the poet, not the

motion picture comedy, and at its most outlandish their farce is contrived with an eloquence of touch that the new farce lacks. Even the sadistic parts of the old comedy have a comparative delicacy, and this difference, like the others, is partly the result of a distinction of prose style to which the new writers do not come near. But if Amis and Wain are not stylists and perhaps, by Jamesian standards, not even novelists, they are, at their best, humorists of the first rank. In all the other English comic writing of our time there are no scenes funnier than those in which Jim Dixon reads his Merrie England paper at his college and Charles Lumley's novelist friend reads a chapter of his work in progress to a literary society meeting. At any time it is desirable that there be a segment of literature that does not lend itself to the serious and sometimes grim business of explicating, drawing morals, and extracting allegories. Perhaps English literature in particular needs such a segment now.

RICHARD J. VOORHEES.

Radio and Television

► NOW THAT THE REPORT of the Royal Commission on Broadcasting and Television has been made public, its chairman, Mr. R. B. Fowler, emerges from it as a national prototype of the ghostly lover. Just like that mythical figure who can be made to fit whatever unconscious needs a woman projects on him, the findings of Mr. Fowler's commission can be variously interpreted in accordance with the needs of particular pressure groups.

The CARTB, for example, for once suppressing its tendency to excess in speech (which the commission had characterized as "... devious propaganda wrapped in a colorful package...") modestly declared their pleasure that private broadcasting had received due recognition of its value as a local service. At the same time there was some scattered editorial comment in the press which made it appear that the commission's recommendation to eliminate the present Board of Governors in favor of a Board of Broadcasting Governors, was a concession to CARTB, which had all along urged the creation of a separate regulatory body. Patriotic groups could also take comfort in the commission's statements about the importance of maintaining a national identity and the need to limit non-Canadian financial interest in any one station to 20 percent of the total.

But the ghostly lover always dissolves at the least breath of reality and disappears with the first touch of the sun, forcing one to see, not what was wished for, but what is really there. In the case of Mr. Fowler and his report, what is really there turns out to be at once more imaginative, courageous and publicly framed than anything I had hoped for or expected. This Royal Commission report represents a triumph of the general over the particular, and of public principle over private expediency.

I base my judgment on the three major assumptions which seem to underlie the report. First of all, broadcasting and television are seen as part of a communications system, along with railroads, highways, air and water routes. The CARTB's golden tongue notwithstanding, the commission could not be persuaded that broadcasting is analogous to publishing or self-publishing (where the opportunities are unlimited as certain Canadian poets have shown), or that it is a commodity to be bought and sold, or even an investment which must yield a calculable return. The commission speaks of broadcasting and television as a public franchise, a public service, and as a rare and valuable privilege when it is lent to private agents. "The choice is between a Canadian state-controlled system with some flow of programs east and west across Canada, with some Canadian content,

and the development of a Canadian sense of identity at a substantial public cost, and a privately-owned system which the forces of economics will necessarily make predominantly dependent on imported American . . . programs." It is admitted that we could have cheaper radio and television if we were tied to American outlets; but the same holds true for rail and air transportation and all consumer goods. In these matters the Canadian answer has been a quixotic but unequivocal no, at least for the last hundred years.

The commission not only set up broadcasting and television as a public service and responsibility, but they committed themselves to a plan for financing it. They recommended an end to the present annual hand-to-mouth existence of the CBC, and proposed instead, a long-term five year plan whereby the corporation would receive a total of about 470 million dollars from the government, as well as additional revenues from advertising and the present tax on receivers.

The suggestions for financing and administering the CBC are impressive in their practicality, and to my uninstructed mind in these matters, the details appear brilliant; to use Mr. Fowler's own words, they are conceived with "skill and vigor".

Just as Canadian tradition has always fostered an illogical combination of government responsibility at the local and national levels, it has also nurtured haphazard combinations of private and public health and welfare services which have "just grown". To my mind, there is no inherent virtue in this mixture of public and private services, and according to the commission's own findings, the private broadcasters have been sadly remiss in fulfilling the pioneering and creative functions which are characteristic of private agencies in the health and welfare fields.

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JULY
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Nevertheless, the commission felt that the principle of private broadcasting should be *preserved*, but also that it should be more carefully *observed* by the regulating body. Regulations have been repeatedly violated by private stations (Allen Sangster used to time them on their advertising in these columns), but the CBC has acted like an over-indulgent mother in its failure to punish. The commission suggested halting the offending stations into court as a corrective measure preceding the more traumatic suspension of license.

This is such an obvious and common-sense solution, that one wonders why it was not thought of before. One question troubles me: suppose we find that these private broadcasters who want to do more advertising than programing, are suffering, like delinquents elsewhere, from what social scientists diagnose as faulty social attitudes or a narcissistic need to build up their security with exorbitant profits which are quite out of line with their reality needs? If so, then a fine or punishment would not help—but a re-educative period in an outdoor clinic, staffed by Rawhide and Dr. Laycock, might.

The matter of extended coverage to the Maritimes and Northwest Territories, as well as to French-speaking people in the Maritimes and western provinces, was sympathetically reviewed by the commission, and the need for a structured research program in co-operation with the universities was noted.

When it came to programing, the commission again emphasized the general principle that radio and television should complement each other, and that each medium should utilize its difference instead of trying to imitate the special virtue of the other. Apparently Mr. Fowler has a soft spot in his heart for such minority groups as farmers, children, and music-lovers, and he recommends more programs to meet their interests. He also believes firmly in documentaries and news commentaries (what the private broadcasters are apt to call egg-head stuff), and thinks these programs should be carried despite low audience rating; after a time, he points out, public taste develops upwards.

Most surprising and most gratifying of all was Mr. Fowler's stated belief that asking a radio or television audience what programs it wants, doesn't produce very meaningful results. For the sake of Nathan Cohen and letters to the editor, I can't help adding that to assume you know what the audience wants, without even asking, doesn't produce meaningful results either.

MIRIAM WADDINGTON.

Film Review

► ONCE UPON A TIME children were the most tiresome objects on the screen and films made for "family" entertainment the most tedious. For some deep reason about which anyone may generalize, this has not been the case since the end of the last war. The preference of a director such as Carol Reed for the child's eye view of the world has received popular acceptance, and has been accompanied by a steady flow of films on both sides of the Atlantic favoring the same device. Perhaps audiences feel that the myths about the adult world with which a child lives are no more erroneous than those of adults themselves and considerably less dangerous. Perhaps in a cynical disillusioned world, children are the only innocents left to fulfill the rôles of a *Candide* or *Tom Jones*. Graham Greene certainly thought so in his film script for *The Stranger's Hand* (Trevor Howard, Allida Valli). It featured a child as the only redeemable innocent in a post-war Venice where every adult was irremediably tainted with sin and guilt. But films with metaphysical meanings are rare and are outnumbered by less

ambitious movies about children which have a charm of spirit, wit and wholesome reality that will please any audience, however jaded.

A good example is Alexander Korda's last production, *Smiley*, which was filmed in Australia. "Appealing" and "refreshing" are the adjectives that spring most readily to mind to describe Colin Peterson's performance as Smiley Greevins. His chatter is also original though it will amuse adults rather than children. But it is the bluff, genial quality of that tried and true older child of Australian films, "Chips" Rafferty, which gives this movie its character. He is a strong silent outdoors hero in the style of William S. Hart. (In his first scene he proves his lineage by rolling a cigarette with one hand.) "Chips" and the other denizens of this bush town "outback" have a genuine and unpretentious flavor. Smiley's mother is shrewish, his old man a mean shiftless boozier, and the coarsening effect of sun, dry dust, and hardship show in their faces and manner. Rankin the barkeep (John McCallum) and his customers belong in a portrait gallery of the Aussie "western". Rankin's oily joviality and incredibly unkempt trousers are a study in themselves. Though the characters are stereotyped and do not have much depth, they do have the simplicity of truth. Ralph Richardson is an eccentric exception. He manages to make a grand entrance and exit in every scene with the aplomb of an aggressive Shakespearian troupier at a Sunday-school pantomime. He even gets the villain at the end as though he had written the scene himself—for himself. The story, a little contrived but always inventive, is by Moore Raymond, based on memories of his own Australian childhood. Never sentimental, its evocative quality is enhanced by the magnificent Cinemascope photography, all dun browns, greys and greens—and by the native language. Be prepared for "boiks", "pommies", and "dingos".

The title *Full of Life* would seem to foretell another child protagonist—this time prenatal. And the first few scenes will create apprehension that what follows may be a resumé of all the clichés about pregnant women à la Judy Holliday. But this is an unusual film. It concerns the relationship between Judy's middle-aged husband, trying to earn a living as a writer, and his father, a "lovable monster" of an Italian stonemason determined to perpetuate the traditions of patriarchal tyranny in lower California. Salvatore Baccaloni, ex-Metropolitan Opera, is a triumph as the father. The gusto and force of his performance will captivate any audience. *Marty's* mother makes a brief appearance as his wife and ably demonstrates the slavery she was pining for in the earlier film. Richard Conte, an interesting actor who has been wasted in scores of gangster and B pictures, is an admirable foil for Judy Holliday. His features combine brooding languor with cynical resolve and this makes everything he does absorbing. Judy Holliday escapes her mould and the novelty is delightful. The well-paced dialogue is even more remarkable, dealing with family tensions, religious differences, and even birth control on the solid assumption that everyone has a different point of view about which he feels strongly. This candour and the style of the whole movie is reminiscent of the comic-vignette type of story that De Sica does for the Italian market, like *Bread, Love and Dreams*.

The most exotic child seen recently is Munna, the small hero of the Indian film of the same name. Made in India in 1954 by K. A. Abbas, *Munna* (pronounced with the accent on the second syllable) is the first example of the Indian "realist" cinema to be shown in Canada. While it may be realist in relation to Indian films which universally stress fantasy overloaded with interpolations of song and dance, it is naive in relation to European realism and seems to cling to wish-fulfilment aided by coincidence. It is apparently

not in the same class as the Indian films which have been so well received at European festivals in the past few years but it is interesting nonetheless.

Munna, a cherubic sloe-eyed darling, is a spirited orphan searching for his mother in Bombay. He has a series of picaresque adventures similar to those of *Oliver Twist* in which he encounters some richly-conceived characters—an evil *goonda* who nearly strangles him, a comic magician who confesses that the Indian rope trick is just a trick, a criminal who bullies a group of child thieves, an optimistic clerk with a dozen children, and a wealthy couple who adopt him. His destitute mother who had abandoned him in a famine traces him to his foster parents and no longer fearing poverty, he leaves them to go with her.

Incidents move quickly, and the characterizations are continually fascinating. The acting is uninhibited and compelling with no trace of the bizarre other than a careless sort of girl who greets a dagger thrown at her with a burst of love song for the thrower. The photography leaves a lot to be desired; it is faded, overexposed, and uneven and the titles are almost unreadable. A good deal of the effect is sustained by the musical accompaniment which never ceases. It is marvellous to hear—the glottal sounds emulate the spoken human voice and to a western ear capture the tonal quality of the Indian language. Somehow it matches the quality of every scene in a continuous subtle flow: a whiny tone develops when there is tension and anxiety, a satirical jabbering accents some conversations, flute-like tremolos convey action and magical intent, and the lilting music in the happy family sequence conveys the bliss of many children. There is no "message" in this film other than that a mother's tears are more precious than jewels, but there are a lot of unarticulated assumptions — that death is imminent either from starvation or desperation, that caste and wealth help some people to avoid sleeping in the streets, and that there is a universal hunger for food and children—at the same time. There is no trace of the British other than the introduction into the common language of phonetic equivalents of omelette and biscuit ("omlet" and "biscoot").

JOAN FOX.

Correspondence

The Editor: Mr. Stewart Cowan's thoughtful review of Katherine Hale's book, *Toronto: Romance of a Great City*, reminds me that errors in books — both factual and typographical — are more numerous than they ought to be. Among other misstatements he cites the gift, as it is stubbornly and repeatedly miscalled, of six acres of land by John Beverley Robinson to the Law Society of Upper Canada in 1828 as a site for what was to be called Osgoode Hall. Really the only thing the Attorney General bestowed on the Society was the name 'Osgoode' in honor of the first Chief Justice of Upper Canada. For the rest, the Society paid £1,000 as its records show. Had Dr. Henry Scadding, who was one of the first, if not actually the first, historian to give currency to the error, taken the trouble to consult the Treasurer of the Law Society, much embarrassment would have been saved later writers and their readers.

Why are slips often common in historical works, some of them of great worth and substance? The truth is they are not common to historical books everywhere, but they are common to Canada. British publishers and American as a rule are scrupulous in the editing, proofreading, the checking of dates and the verification of statements of fact. Their editorial standards are exacting and the proofreading highly competent. And these conditions apply not only to the

university presses, which are exact beyond all knowing, but to the publishers of general books as well.

To take nothing for granted is a sound rule for the writer, editor and proofreader to follow. It is imperative for the historian whether lay or professional. Even the renowned historian cannot hope to escape the consequences of laziness or slovenliness. Sir Charles Oman on the writing of history says: "It is one of the testimonies to the fundamental merit of his [Macaulay's] five volumes of the *History of England* that controversies raised by him continue to this day. Professor Firth thought it worthwhile to publish an annotated edition of the book seventy years after it had been written, with judicious comment. The general impression left on the mind is that the inaccuracies impair but do not cancel the credit of the eloquent volumes. The names of the critics have been forgotten."

I am properly humbled, but not I believe squelched. It remains undeniable that the volumes, however valuable, would have been even more useful without the errors. As with Macaulay, so with the rest of us of less importance historically. An inherited unconcern operates against fault-free pages in Canadian books and will probably continue to do so until and unless publishers have a change of heart, and until authors — apart from professional historians — recognize their obligation to provide the reader with trustworthy information. The unpardonable thing is to follow the habit of careless and inept chroniclers who blindly accept the existing record, so that on reporting it, they seek neither to test its accuracy nor enlarge its scope.

WILLIAM COLGATE, *Toronto, Ont.*

ON READING CERTAIN POEMS AND EPISTLES OF IRVING LAYTON AND LOUIS DUDEK

Hail Coprophilia, muse of Layton, hail!
Doxy of Dudek, skoal! who drop'st in pail
Thick steaming words and brownish lumps of rhyme —
Manure essential in this barren clime,
Where Saxon critics without guts or gall
Praise these thy sons but little, if at all.
Yet these are they who vindicate thy cause,



Who preach thy gospel and affirm thy laws.
 Blest pair of poets, put on earth by thee
 To sweat and strain and groan to set us free
 From Anglo-philistine hypocrisy.
 What shovelfuls of praise we ought to pay
 These swart forerunners of an Augean day
 Let us with candour, clangour, and no taste,
 Make haste to proffer, O make haste, make haste!
 Layton shall how to flatter Layton teach,
 And modest Dudek Dudek's glories preach;
 Layton shall tingle in Canadian air,
 And echo answer Dudek everywhere.
 In ev'ry quarterly and magazine
 Their linked names in squibs and puffs be seen;
 Letters to editors be filled with them,
 And gratitude replace each critic's phlegm:
 Repentant Wilson, Dobbs, MacLure, and Frye
 Shall who can praise them loudest longest, try.

A. J. M. Smith

The Odour of Incense

Desmond Pacey

► THE HOUSE was a large brick structure, with many heavily curtained windows, set back from the Westmount street in a large garden bordered by straggling shrubs. It scared me slightly—it all looked so dark and so quiet, like our house on the day of my father's funeral. But Mother didn't seem to notice. She liked it.

"It will be restful," she said. "Just the sort of thing I was looking for. I haven't slept a wink in that hotel. Ten to one, though, it will be too expensive."

I unlatched the black iron gate and we went up the path to the porch. A tall very thin yellow-haired woman opened the door. The first thing that struck me, as she ushered us through the hall into the front room on the left, was the odour. I didn't know then what the odour was, but it was sickly-sweet, warm, almost stupefyingly heavy. It seemed to make breathing difficult, to hang suspended in the mouth and nostrils and throat until I felt as if I might choke. Even the grandfather clock seemed to tick with a muffled thud, as if it found it hard to function in the heavy air.

After the odour, it was the dimness of the house that most impressed me. Although it was still only the early afternoon, and bright sun was shining outside, all the curtains were drawn and only a thin haze of light filtered through them.

The tall woman who opened the door had been joined by another who looked enough like her to be her twin, though I discovered later that they were only cousins. While they and Mother talked business, I inspected them and the room in which we were sitting. Not only were the women alike in build and features—both were tall and willowy in figure and had straight short yellow hair, faded blue eyes, and hollow-cheeked, sharp-nosed faces—they were also dressed alike. Each wore a black silk dress that fitted her slim figure like a sheath, and a long single strand of pearls which she fingered like a rosary while she talked. They both wore several rings on their fingers, and dangling pearl earrings which matched their necklaces.

The room was unlike any room I had ever seen. It was like I'd imagine the holy of holies—dark, mysterious, silent, folded. This was partly a matter of the curtains of course—but it was more than that. The wallpaper was actually dark blue, but in the dim light it looked black; and all the woodwork—the door, the mantel-piece, the baseboard and cur-

tain-rail—was a pure and shining white. The thick, deep carpet, which yielded underfoot as if it were made of soft rubber, was grey like a dove, and decorated in the centre and at each corner with some strange angular device in a dark blue that matched the walls. The furniture was heavy, old-fashioned, and its blood-red wood (I suppose it was mahogany, but it looked blood-red to me) was intricately carved like a god.

I was glad when the interview was over, and we were out again in the spring sunlight of the street.

"We're not going to stay there, I hope," I said.

"Why not?" asked Mother.

"It gives me the creeps. That horrible smell . . ."

"That horrible smell, as you call it, is only incense. You'll soon get used to that."

"But such queer-looking women!"

"What's so queer about them? They may be a trifle eccentric, but they're real ladies."

"But that room!"

"What was wrong with the room?"

"That funny black wallpaper, and the red furniture, and those queer designs on the carpet . . ."

"Oh, just because the room was a bit different you dislike it. I *admire* people who have the courage to be different. And besides, the furniture in that room must have cost a fortune. That carpet alone is worth several hundred dollars. And all that carving—you wouldn't get that for nothing."

"You really mean we're going to stay there?"

"Yes, we'll move in first thing tomorrow. It's just what I was looking for—quiet, refined, restful. We'll be the only guests, we can come and go when we like, and we are to have the run of the house."

"But isn't it expensive?"

"No, that's the amazing thing about it. We get two lovely big rooms for only ten dollars a week. I don't know how they can afford to do it. But then, they're *ladies*, you can see that at a glance, and I suppose they have a private income. They wouldn't take just anybody, they said. They've never had lodgers before, but they took a fancy to me—and to you."

Well, that is how it started. We moved in the next morning, and settled down for a season. Fortunately I had the big garden to play in or I think I should have run away. I could hardly stand to be inside the house, even for meals. Always that overpowering odour of incense, always the darkness, always the brooding silence disturbed only by the

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tiptoeing footsteps of the women, their low, endless conversations, and the monotonous tick of the grandfather clock.

The women did their best to win me over, but they made little headway. They plied me with chocolates and oranges, gave me books to read, and showed me queer fans and statuettes and prayer beads which they had brought back with them from what they mysteriously called "the East." They had spent some months in India years ago, on some kind of religious pilgrimage I gathered, and they were full of tales about the mosques and temples they had visited and the strange things they had seen. Their stories, told first by one and then by the other in their muffled voices and pointed by gestures with their pale long-fingered hands, sent shivers up and down my spine. I listened in spite of myself, for their faded blue eyes suddenly came to life when they talked and seemed to hold me like a spell.

Sometimes the women would even pull me on to their knees beside the fireplace to tell these stories, and then I felt as if I should faint. I had a kind of disgust for their female closeness, and yet a kind of shamed attraction, and this mixture of feelings made my head swim until I scarcely knew where I was or what I was doing. A heavy, Oriental scent of perfume came from their bodies, and mingled overpoweringly with the ever-present odour of incense. While they poured their stories into my ears, they fondled my knees with their velvety fingers as if I were another expensive object they were planning to add to their hoard.

But if I was more scared than attracted by the women, Mother seemed to get along well with them. In the long afternoons and evenings she would sit with them in that dim and elaborate parlour, knitting, crocheting, sewing, sipping tea and nibbling dainty fingers of buttered toast, and always talking, talking, talking. Their married voices rose and fell like the phrases of an outlandish litany.

As the days passed, I sensed a new drift in the talk of the three women. The two landladies seemed to be trying to persuade Mother to do something, and I could tell that she was having a hard time making up her mind. I didn't always listen to what they were saying, and they seemed to talk in riddles anyway, so I had no clear idea of what they were proposing. What I heard were fragments like these —

"But Mrs. Parsons," one of the women would say in that soft, suggestive voice, "You really ought to let us try. Think what it would mean to you. Your life would be so very much richer."

"Yes," the other would chime in, "It would be a beautiful experience."

"Oh, I don't know what to think," Mother would say, twisting the wedding ring on her finger. "I'm afraid, I suppose. Perhaps it wouldn't work, and I should be so disappointed. It would be better not to have tried."

"But it can work, it will work," one of the women would reply, fingering her pearls, "We've had some really astonishing successes, haven't we, Elsie?"

"Quite remarkable, my dear," the other would take it up. "You would hardly believe the success we have had. Years and years afterwards. You'd be amazed at the results, at the lives that we've managed to brighten, when all had seemed so dark, so very dark."

"Yes," I would hear Mother saying a few minutes later. "I don't say it didn't work for her. But it might not work for me. Isn't it at least partly a matter of . . . well, a matter of faith?"

"You have to have faith, of course," they would say. "But if you believe it does happen, that's more than half the battle already. And when your love was so deep, your relationship so close . . ."

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"Oh, don't talk about it," Mother would break in. "I can't bear it." And she would get up, collect her sewing, and go up to her own room.

The next day they would be at it again.

"You really should let us try, Mrs. Parsons."

"But even if it worked, would it make me any happier? It seems to me it might make things so much worse!"

"Make things worse? But how could that be? To see that face again, to hear that voice? How could that make things worse?"

"Oh, you make it sound so possible, so real, so true. If it could only happen! If I could only have the courage, the faith I need!"

"Then you'll try with us? You'll try?"

"I don't know. You mustn't hurry me. I'm sorry to be such a trial to you, but you'll have to give me more time. I need time to think."

The weeks filed by. Gradually I grew accustomed to the life, even came to like it. As the summer rounded into early autumn, I grew to love the huge garden. I spent most of my days there, sitting on a bench in the sunlight, reading Dickens and Scott and Henty and Conan Doyle while the red and yellow butterflies fluttered round me and the fat bees blundered around the many-coloured flowers.

The women were still ready to give me chocolates and books, but they didn't pester me the way they had at first. I got to the point where I accepted them as a normal part of my life and found their occasional fondlings pleasantly exciting and flattering. They didn't pay me an embarrassing amount of attention any more—they seemed to be concentrating on Mother.

I could tell that Mother wasn't finding the house as restful as she had at first. She spent more and more time

in her own room, as if she wanted to escape the pressure of the women. And instead of sitting peacefully sewing or knitting, she paced up and down, or sat looking vacantly and sadly out of the window. If I came in and tried to talk to her she often answered me sharply and irritably. She always seemed to be tense and jumpy, as if her nerves were stretched tight as the skin of a drum.

One day in late September, a raw gusty day with the first hint of winter in the air, she seemed more nervous than usual. She couldn't stay still for a minute, it seemed. She would keep coming out to me in the garden, where I was flying a kite the women had bought for me, stand around watching me for a minute or two, and then hurry back into the house.

The women too seemed to be strangely excited this day. They kept plucking at their pearls, twisting the various rings on their fingers, and smoothing the already flat locks of their straight yellow hair. They couldn't take their eyes off Mother, and looked at her possessively, as if she in turn had become part of their collection of objects of art. At dinner that evening they kept referring to "the great experiment," and I gathered that Mother had finally agreed to their proposals and that the attempt was to take place that evening.

I couldn't get to sleep that night. The excitement of the women had infected me, and I kept tossing from side to side. The wind didn't help either—it had blown up into a real gale by now, and was roaring past the windows and down the chimney and tossing the boughs of the elms in the garden into a wild and frenzied dance. Finally I could stand it no longer. I had to go downstairs and talk to Mother.

I crept out of bed, into the dark hall, and down the winding stairs. I expected to see the light from the fireplace shining through the open door of the parlour where the women were, but to my surprise the door was shut. Not daring to open it, nor even to knock, I set my eye to the keyhole. At first I could see nothing, for the fire was very low and there was no other light in the room. Gradually I made out the figures of the three women sitting around the table in the centre of the room. They all had their hands outstretched upon the tabletop and were staring fixedly at a point on the white ceiling. Their faces looked horrible, even Mother's—their eyes were so wide open that all the white showed, their nostrils were stretched wide, and there was a kind of crazy fierceness in their whole expression. At first they were making no sound at all, and I could hear only the ticking of the grandfather clock in the hall beside me and the rapid beating of my own heart. Then the woman who had met us at the door that first day began to mutter something that I couldn't hear, something that rose and fell in repeated cadence like the words of the priest in church. As she went on, her voice grew loud and shrill, and the words tumbled out so rapidly that I still could not make them out. She and the other woman began to sway back and forth in rhythm and to stretch their hands towards the ceiling. Mother alone stayed absolutely still.

I felt that if I stayed where I was I might see something that would be a lot worse than the strange shadows of the twisting boughs of the elms, so I crept silently back up to bed. After that parlour, my little bedroom seemed cosy and familiar, and I soon fell asleep . . .

. . . Someone with huge hairy arms was lifting me high above his head and dashing me down upon rocks. I struggled to escape the nightmare, and awoke to find Mother shaking me.

"Wake up, Teddy, wake up!"

"What is it, Mother?"

"Wake up and get your clothes on."

"Get my clothes on? Is it morning already?"

"No. We're leaving tonight. We're leaving at once."

"Leaving?" I began sleepily to pull off my pyjamas.

"Yes. Hurry up. Here are your clothes. I'll pack while you dress. I won't stay in this house a minute more than necessary."

"But why? What happened?"

"Don't talk about it. Just get dressed. Oh, I knew I should never have let them persuade me to take part in their stunts. But don't you bother your head about it. Just get dressed. Oh God! What a fool I was, what an utter fool."

"What, Mother? What is it?"

"Don't ask me. Don't ever ask me. Don't even mention this house again. Forget it. Forget we ever came here. Forget!"

We left that night, bundled in a taxi bound for the Windsor Hotel, but I shall always remember the odour of incense.

Books Reviewed

THE FUTURE OF SOCIALISM: C. A. R. Crosland; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 540; \$8.50.

At one time—and not too long ago at that—it was simplicity itself to outline a program for socialists. But in these days of full employment, high wages, rising investment and mushrooming national product, many of the objectives which earlier socialists fought for have been substantially attained, and there has been a good deal of genuine confusion as to what goals should be pursued now. Mr. Crosland, in a long and carefully reasoned book, has attempted

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to meet the demand being heard with increasing frequency in Britain for "new thinking on the Left."

The basic objective of socialism, he reasons, is to increase social welfare. In contemporary Britain this end can best be served by the creation of a more egalitarian society. It is the rigid system of social classes, and the barriers to mobility built into the educational system, which are the greatest source today of frustration, envy and social discord. The first objective of socialism must therefore be a thoroughgoing reform of the educational system. The public schools must cease to be a unique avenue of entry to certain occupations, standards in the secondary modern schools must be raised, and wherever feasible the comprehensive school—in short, the North American high school—should be substituted. Thus the prime objective is cast in terms of social rather than economic democracy.

The redistribution of incomes remains important too. The present property distribution in Britain still makes possible a substantial number of large unearned incomes, even after taxation. Mr. Crosland argues that these property holdings, with their possibilities of capital appreciation, enable a "style of life" that cannot be justified by any possible criterion of social justice. The principal advantage of a levelling of incomes will be in the removal of class bitterness rather than in its economic effects.

Further, there is the problem of redistribution *within* rather than *between* social classes. Most of the population, and not the working class only, still fluctuates between relative affluence and poverty from one stage of life to another. A socialist program should remedy this imbalance by a more vigorous and more imaginative use of transfer devices, such as, for example, a universal, contributory superannuation scheme to supplement old age pensions at the bare subsistence level.

If greater equality remains the first objective, the second is higher productivity and higher consumption. Only productivity increases, and not redistribution of incomes, can substantially increase living standards. For this reason socialists should be less antagonistic to high earned incomes than to those derived from the ownership of property. They should embrace the ideal of a high-consumption society, and not fear it on the dubious ground that it encourages selfishness. They must break the traditions of austerity and self-denial which the electorate now associates with them. These traditions, which stem largely from the influence of the Webbs, were highly useful in the early days, and in the critical post-war years, but they are inappropriate now, and should be discarded. Like their Conservative opponents, socialists should be willing to recognize that the good life is the abundant life, but with this difference: that the abundance, which is the product of society, should be distributed equitably, and not among a privileged class of owners.

Much of Crosland's argument is devoted to a detailed examination of the methods of obtaining these objectives. Convincingly he shows that the goals of socialism can be reached in a number of different ways, and that modern economics furnishes a most effective and diversified armory of weapons for achieving them. He also shows that some of the old stand-bys in the armory may be blunt and outmoded. Nationalisation, to pick the most obvious example, can be useful under certain circumstances but ineffective or even harmful elsewhere.

How significant is this book? It represents a serious attempt to separate what is essential and basic in socialism from what is merely incidental. The author, as a former Labor M.P., tends at times to act as apologist for the policy of the post-war Labor governments, but in the main he is lucid, stimulating, and remarkably rational considering the

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heat that his topic usually generates. Few readers will agree wholly with the details of his proposals, but the important thing is that an attempt is now being made—and not only by Mr. Crosland—to think intelligently of the future of socialism in Britain.

The specific program that is elaborated here is applicable to Britain and nowhere else. Even so, there is a lesson in it for Canadians, for such a book emphasizes how little is being done in this direction in Canada. What is needed is some hard thinking about the ends of socialism in relation to the structure of contemporary Canadian society. The reforms conceived in the depression years will not do; yet we may rest assured that some reforms are called for. We must steer our course between Scylla and Charybdis, between outworn slogans repeated unthinkingly by party militants, and the specious idea that socialism has no meaning in our present prosperity. The channel between these dangers is not particularly narrow or difficult, but as long as it remains uncharted the way ahead will be perilous.

K. D. McRae.

THE ANTI-CAPITALISTIC MENTALITY: Ludwig von Mises; pp. 114; \$4.50.

One hesitates to speak one's mind about this book. For, adverse criticism might well provide its peevish author with a semblance of evidence for his allegation that there exists a vast conspiracy whose aim it is to conceal "the teachings of the economists — from the people and especially also from the intellectuals and the university students." (p. 61)

We are given to understand that "the teachings of the economists" — as distinguished from all kinds of "pseudo-economic doctrines" (p. 89) — fully endorse laissez-faire capitalism. "Yet, most present-day governments and political parties are eager to destroy this system." (p. 5) For a moment one has a vision of Eisenhower and the G.O.P. secretly plotting the overthrow of free enterprise. However, the author's revelation of the sinister intentions of the powers that be, loses much of its shocking impact once it is realized that Professor von Mises uses a set of peculiar political equations. To him, communism, socialism, and the welfare state are fundamentally identical enormities. "It is . . . a serious blunder to consider socialism, planning or the welfare state as solutions . . . which would differ from that of communism" (p. 64). And again: "The same measures which are today the essence of the New Deal and Fair Deal policies" were first advocated by Marx and Engels in the Communist Manifesto "as steps toward the establishment of full communism" (p. 65). Hardly less baneful are certain economic heresies, identified only by an oblique reference to "the passionate tirades of Marx, Keynes and a host of less well known authors," "which depreciate the role of saving and capital accumulation" (p. 89).

Ex hypothesi, then, a large number of people, even if they have not joined the Communist Party, are found in the "anti-capitalistic" camp. "Why do they all loathe capitalism?" (p. 5), Professor von Mises asks himself dolefully; and forthwith he offers a simple if somewhat envenomed explanation. Most critics of our economic institutions, he wants us to believe, are motivated by *resentment*. (Professor von Mises uses the English word "resentment", which does not, however, quite convey his meaning.) They are failures, and blame the existing social order for their lack of success. "To understand the intellectual's abhorrence of capitalism one must realize that in his mind this system is incarnated in a definite number of compeers whose success he resents and whom he makes responsible for the frustration of his farflung ambitions. His passionate dislike of capitalism is a mere blind for his hatred of some successful

'colleague' " (p. 18). Why Professor von Mises should have seen fit to weaken this brilliant thesis by drawing attention to "the role which the world's most famous strip-tease artist played in the American radical movement" (p. 33), this reviewer is at a loss to understand.

Karl F. Helleiner

THE CALL OF THE MINARET: Kenneth Cragg; pp. 376; \$6.00.

Dr. Cragg's book is something new and rare in the history of relations between world religions. It is a well-documented and sensitive attempt to explain Islam and Christianity to one another. With the delicate precision of a skilled artist, he opens up the inner workings of the religions and reveals the nature of the hope which gives the special form to each.

Muhammad and Jesus had many things in common; their heritage of the religious experience of Israel, their conviction of their personal roles as messengers of God's will to their own situations, and their frustrating experiences of rejection and hostility from the people they were trying to teach. This book discusses in detail the consequences for world history which resulted from the decisions each of these men made when confronted by their personal crisis. For Islam the decision was to manifest the good in society; for Christianity the choice was to communicate forgiveness through acceptance of rejection.

Relations between Islam and Christianity have been characterized by violence, hatred, and bitter misrepresentation and misunderstanding from the seventh century until the present day. Muslims consider Thomas Carlyle the first Christian writer to show any genuine comprehension of the complex genius of Muhammad; earlier Christians reviled him as anti-Christ. Muslims have been more courteous to Jesus whom they accept as a good prophet. The leaders of Islamic thought however have always claimed that official Christianity misrepresented the true message of Jesus, and that Christians have become ascetic, world-denying idolaters.

The aim of this book is a profound and a difficult thing: the reconciliation of persons from the same heritage after thirteen centuries of bitter antagonism. Reconciling brothers is always an arduous task, a task demanding that each learn to listen openly to the other, accept with humility his genuine grievances, and overcome with patience each unintended hurt. It has taken Dr. Cragg years of study of Islamic thought and practice, and many hundreds of deep friendships with Muslims, to have learned to know so exactly the festering sores of resentment which prohibit good relations between Muslims and Christians. He is probably as well qualified as any man alive to give a clear statement as to the issues involved in the meeting of the two religions. One can feel throughout the book the restrained passion of his own conviction that this meeting must be guided by sensitive and patient intelligence.

We are all aware of the urgent fact that the feelings of the three hundred million Muslims in the world have some bearing on what happens to us and to our children. The muezzin in the minaret is still calling the Muslims to pray, and to live the good, and his call is resounding over the garden in which Jesus made the decision which gave the form to our hope. Dr. Cragg hopes to point the way to a new understanding in which the Muslims who respond to the call from the minaret will also understand the significance of the different response made by others who also will the good. His book is the germ of an "I-Thou" relationship between Islam and Christianity — a relationship which might be the beginning of an answer to the fury and the pride which separate us now.

Sheila McDonough.

BODY AND SOUL, A STUDY ON THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF MAN: D. R. G. Owen; Ryerson; pp. 239; \$3.75.

This clearly and pleasantly argued, non-epigrammatic, non-paradoxical book should have the same sort of appeal to the thoughtful man of sanguine temperament as Kierkegaard and crisis theology have for his melancholy brother. It is very much in the line of thought of the late Archbishop Temple, and Dr. Owen keeps returning as to home base to Temple's dictum that Christianity of all the world-religions is the most materialistic.

If this is so, as it most certainly is, the problem of the relation between revealed truth and the discoveries of the sciences must inevitably and acutely arise in the Christian world of thought, and it cannot be solved by any easy appeal to a double standard based on the assumption of separate realms of matter and spirit. Dr. Owen's earlier book, *Scientism, Man, and Religion*, had presented the intellectual claims of Christianity as the religion of the Incarnation and of the Resurrection of the body as against current assumptions about man falsely deduced from science. This companion volume presents the same claims against what he regards as the pseudo-religion, stemming from Oriental cults and Platonic philosophy, of the immortality of the soul and its corollary the baseness of the mortal body. Repudiating the old notion of the soul as a ghost in a machine, he suggests the alternative image of the body as the players, the soul as the team. This, he argues, is at once closer to Biblical thinking and to the findings of modern physiology and psychology.

It would be quite unfair to see in this honest and vigorous book an example of the sort of deliquescent liberalism that waves away the teachings of the Church in an empty gesture of open-mindedness toward its enemies. On the contrary, Dr. Owen hammers out a doctrine of man intended to do no outrage either to reason or to revelation. And yet he does favour a doctrine that I have been taught to reject as "mortalism" — the opinion that the soul dies with the body; and that to my lay mind is disturbing. Perhaps it is the function of theological professors to disturb the laity.

The same sort of critical reasoning that Dr. Owen directs against the essential soul might perhaps be directed against his alternative. If modern science will not permit the existence of a soul without a body, neither will it permit that of disembodied spirits, and those very Biblical beings, angels, must go — or remain as teams without players. Again, if body is to soul as players to team, health and happiness and success will be an all too simple index of salvation, and Job's comforters will go down to their houses justified before him. One final question (it always sounds bullying, I know): is it probable that the Church should have been unanimously wrong on a question of such moment? Perhaps Dr. Owen has already considered these objections and I am not skilled enough to recognize his answers, but the very clarity of his exposition makes me doubt this.

William Blissett

MY LORD, WHAT A MORNING: Marian Anderson; Macmillan; pp. 312; \$5.75.

In writing her autobiography Marian Anderson has rich material to work with. Her life combines the appeal of a rags-to-riches fairy tale, a success story based on natural talent and hard work, and the triumph of a gifted woman over race prejudice. The expressive title also leads us to expect a story of considerable emotional power: an expectation that is enhanced by the memory of her voice singing that great spiritual. Perhaps it is because we start it with

such high hopes that Miss Anderson's book is a disappointment.

There is no obvious cause for complaint: she describes simply and forthrightly the events of her life, from her childhood in Philadelphia where her mother took in laundry to support her family, to her triumphs on the great concert stages of the world. Each stage in her career is set out clearly: her early start in school and church choirs, her hopes and disappointments, her encounters with race prejudice, her steady rise to fame. Even such details as the planning of her programs and her choice of clothes are discussed, as well as her relations with her accompanists and her audiences. She describes her mother and her husband, her manager, Sol Hurok, and such famous persons as Albert Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Toscanini.

The story is interesting: it could hardly be otherwise; but it seems to lack intensity. Only twice do we get a feeling of warmth and excitement: when she tells of her first experience with a Russian audience when, after misgivings about singing spirituals, she is practically mobbed by an enthusiastic crowd roaring in Russian accent for "Deep River" and "Heaven, Heaven". The other is the story of her Easter Sunday concert at the Lincoln Memorial in Washington: the mass outdoor concert that followed the D.A.R.'s refusal to let her sing in Constitution Hall.

It is too bad that Miss Anderson's writing lacks the warmth and inspiration of her singing, but that is perhaps too much to expect. And though we may find her private personality less rich than her public voice, it is at least interesting to be able to form our own impression of one of the outstanding women of our age.

Edith Fowke.

LIGHT AND DARK: William Bronk; Origin Press; pp. 28; \$1.00.

Mr. Bronk is a wordy poet, preoccupied with trying to find a shape for life. Sometimes the pile of words and the preoccupation fuse effectively, as in the last lines of "The Rain of Small Occurrences,"

Watch for the shape not wholly shaped by time
that one, that shape, almost that solid man.

One suspects the author of a certain devotion to Eliot — there are pieces of poems in "Light and Dark" that remind one — stylistically more than verbally — of "Little Gidding," for instance. But while a newcomer to Eliot might think the "Four Quartets" tended to ramble, the rambling is surface effect and underneath everything moves firmly in the intended direction. William Bronk often seems just rambling for rambling's sake.

There are some nice contrapuntal effects in the opening poem in the small book, "Some Musicians Play Chamber Music for us". But it seems overlong for what it has to say. "The Acts of the Apostles" is one of the most satisfactory whole poems of the nineteen;

The second time the flesh was harder to put on
and there was no womb to shape and soften it,
though a tightening of the discursive style would have intensified the total effect.

The book was printed in Italy and is attractively, unpretentiously produced. The author lives in Ashland, Massachusetts.

Anne Marriott.

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WHAT TO DO WITH GUNMEN?

(Continued from front page)

the gunmen. What he will do about Partition remains to be seen.

That the condition of Ireland is not necessarily hopeless is shown by Cardinal D'Alton's proposals. They will not be adopted (De Valera feels they are "ahead of their time") but the fact that they were made at all is something new. Writing not as a prelate but as an Irishman (in the *English Observer*!) the cardinal suggested that the two predominantly catholic counties of Ulster be allowed to join the twenty-six counties now in the Republic; that the remaining Ulster counties retain their own government in a federal union with the south; and that the whole nation then join the British Commonwealth as a republic in the same way as India. Of course the cardinal neglected to consider the monarchist sentiment of Ulstermen. But the fact remains that he *thought* he was making concessions and this is an innovation in Irish politics.

Nothing could be easier than to say Partition must go—which is why Irish politicians say it so often. But for the moment there is no middle ground on which the factions could rest. Southerners will not give up their beads and holy water and Ulstermen will not surrender King Billy and the old Orange flute. Meanwhile the nation is sick: sick with rural depression, the highest rate of emigration in the world, dwindling population, civil dissension and political crime. Evidently a diet of hot air and distorted history, varied occasionally by resounding lies and slanders, disagrees even with a people who are so fond of it as the Irish.

KILDARE DOBBS.

Poppy

The poppy flaunts her harlotries
with painted face
to entertain the casual bees
outface the sun and mock the breeze
with sinuous grace
the hectic in her cheek
the wages due
the mortal moralist
for scarlet sin
and unrepented deeds
as though the gaudy poppy knew
that the dry rattle of black seeds
within the pelvic cage
of the brown skeleton
outlasted good and evil and the rage
of philosophies.

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